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NEVER AGAIN.

BY J. H.

The songs of the wandering breeze
 Replied to the song of the birds,
The music of murmuring bees
 To the music of whispering words;
Each day from the dawn to the close
 Was a song to the same sad strain;
"There never were days like those,
 There never will be again."

The still warm weeks wore on,
 The flower heads drooped in the sun
And dreamed of the spring long gone,
 And died when the summer was done;
The ruinous overblown rose
 Was listless and longing for rain.
"There never were days like those,
 There never will be again."

From the thicket of pink wild rose,
 That clustered and hung in the lane,
The nightingale's rapturous woes
 Rang out in the ears of us twain;
"When a summer like this once goes,
 Its flowers and loves are slain.
There never were days like those,
 There never will be again."

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MISS ATHERTON was particular about rendering Acacia Cottage secure at night.

Every door and every window were fastened punctually at half-past eight; then, having read a chapter in the family Bible to the yawning little maid and her niece, she dismissed them; and she herself also retired to rest, with the virtuous sensation of having fulfilled her duty to the uttermost.

Violet went to her room, and having extinguished her candle, drew up her blind, opened the window, and let in a flood of silvery moonlight.

The girl's poetical soul was roused almost to rapture.

She could hear the river as it rippled between the green banks; and then, in the far distance, the nightingale began to sing.

"I should like to hear it more distinctly," she said. "My aunt could not be very angry if she did know that I went out to listen to the nightingale's song."

It was still quite early, and the dying light of day was giving place to the light of the moon.

She had no thought in her nature-loving heart save that of seeing the fall of the waters and listening to the nightingale.

Little imagining how beautiful she looked, quite unconscious that she was committing a great imprudence, Violet wrapped a black-lace shawl round her head and crept noiselessly down-stairs.

Then she passed into the dining-room, and, unfastening the long window, stepped on the lawn.

A sense of freedom and exhilaration made her pulses thrill

All around was so fair and so lovely to her dazzled senses.

"How beautiful!" she cried to herself. "I will go to the river first."

It did not take her many minutes to reach her favorite spot, the falls.

The spray shone like diamonds; all kinds of sweet, wild, vagrant thoughts flitted through her mind.

And then, as she stood there, a tall dark figure emerged from under the great group of trees near the waterfall.

She recognized it at a glance, and her first impulse was to turn and fly; yet why, she asked herself, should she not hear the nightingale sing, if she chose to do so?

He advanced a few steps.

"Do forgive me," he said, "for being here. I fought with the temptation for five long hours, and I lost in the end."

"What was the temptation?" she asked. "I do not understand."

"You said this morning—oh, how long it seems since then!—that you liked to see the waterfall by moonlight. I looked at the almanac, and found that there was a full moon to-night; and I have been debating in my own mind whether I should come or not. It seemed unfair to take any advantage of what you said unconsciously, but I longed so to see you again."

"Did you?" she asked. "Did you really wish to see me? How strange!"

"It is not strange at all!" he cried impetuously, making one step in advance, and then checking himself. "I thought you would come out to-night; and, now that I am here, do be kind to me, Miss Beaton, and let me talk to you for a few minutes."

"It is not at all the right thing to do," she answered. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Randolph," she said, "I came out to hear the nightingale sing; it is in the linden-tree over there."

"May I go with you so far? he asked. "It would be an untold pleasure to me."

She looked at him intently.

"Aunt Alice will—well, she will be terribly angry with me if ever she knows it; but it will not always be June, and the nightingale will not always sing. Yes, we will go and hear it."

The dew lay thick and heavy on the grass; each drop seemed to catch the moonlight.

Lord Ryvers was beside himself with delight; his heart was full, but he could not speak, the words would not come. The song of the nightingale grew clearer and much sweeter.

"There is the linden-tree," said Violet; "we must move very quietly, or we shall disturb the bird."

With quiet steps on the long grass, they advanced until they reached the spot where the bird was pouring out its marvellous flow of melody.

They stood entranced.

"I am glad I came," said Violet, after a time. "I would not have missed it for the whole world."

"I might have lived forever in the busy haunts of men," remarked Lord Ryvers, "And have heard nothing like it."

"If we never meet again," she said, regarding him thoughtfully, "how strange it will seem to remember that we have spent an hour together in this fashion!"

There was not the least consciousness on her fair young face as she spoke.

"If I thought we were never to meet again" he declared hurriedly, "I should not care to live another hour."

"That is the language of poets," she said, laughing. "I wonder if the nightingale's song were put into words, what it would all be about?"

"Love," he answered curtly.

"Love!" said Violet. "I should think it would be something more interesting than that."

"More interesting?" he asked, not quite sure if he heard rightly.

"Oh, yes," she said, "much more interesting! I should imagine that birds sing of new themes; love is as old as creation."

Just then the nightingale finished its song—long beautiful notes that seemed to die away over the trees; then all was very still.

"Do you remember what Barry Cornwall says?" asked Lord Ryvers. "I think the idea is beautiful—

> "'Music leaves
> Her soul upon the silence, and our hearts
> Hear and for ever hoard those golden sounds,
> And reproduce them, sweet, in after-hours.'"

"You like quoting poetry," she said.

"A night like this is in itself a poem," he answered. "I shall take away with me a confused dream of moonlight in June, of the waterfall, of the nightingale——"

"And of me," she interrupted, with a laugh. "Shall you forget me?"

"You shall be the centre of the poem," he replied, with a bow, "the very soul of it. I shall never forget you. If you should be passing through the wood to-morrow, will you look at my picture?"

"Have you been working at it to-day?" she asked.

"No; my mind has been filled possessed by another picture," he said; "but I shall work at it to-morrow."

"You want my aunt Alice to keep you at work," she remarked. "And now, Mr. Randolph, good night. I am afraid this is a terrible indiscretion. We must never repeat it."

He did not tell her that one half-hour had been to him as dream of Paradise.

* * * * * *

"Then you would not marry an aristocrat Miss Beaton?" asked the artist.

"I? No—a thousand times no! I am not sure that I should care to marry at all; but an aristocrat—never! If I loved some young lord so dearly that my heart was breaking with love, I would not marry him."

"There are not many girls who think as you do," said Lord Ryvers gloomily.

"They have not been so well taught," she replied, with all the rashness of youth and inexperience. "Long years ago, far back in the olden times, when 'aristocracy' meant chivalry, it was a different matter. Aristocrats are not 'knights' in these days. They do not understand what true knighthood means."

"In what do they fall short?" asked Lord Ryvers, looking with admiration at the flushed face and shining eyes.

"The present race are effeminate, luxury-loving, effete, self-indulgent——"

"Stop, Miss Beaton," he said; "assertion is no proof."

"Proof is not wanting," she replied. "My aunt Alice says that honor is dead amongst them—that nothing of it lives but the name and that is an empty sound. She says—I wonder if I can remember one half?—that names once blazoned high on the roll of the battle-field now serve as examples among card-sharpers. She says that in olden times, when a man of noble birth and ancient title injured the honor of his fellow-man, they stood together face to face and fought it out; now they compensate injured honor with money. Aunt Alice says they have lost respect and loyalty towards women which goes so far in making a man a chevalier and a saint. One now steals another man's wife, a few thousand pounds sets the matter right. The honor of the old days was best, when a man avenged his injuries in the heart's blood of his rival, instead of taking money for them."

"How prejudiced you are!" he said.

"I do not think so. I am emphatically a daughter of the people; I see the wrongs of the people. I asked my aunt Alice one day if I might read the newspapers. She said, 'No; they are unfit for any modest girl to read; they are full of divorce cases and scandals in high life.' I thought the duty of the aristocracy was to set a good example to the people below them. Do they? Are the men such models of honor, integrity, courage, and truth? Are the women to be reverenced and admired?"

"You must remember," he interrupted, "that your aunt Alice is not infallible. It does not follow that, because she says a thing, it must be true. Now hear me—that is, if you have patience, Miss Beaton. Yours was such a fierce onslaught. Will you listen to me?"

"Certainly," she said. "I should like to hear your opinion on the subject."

"Well, then, I believe that the finest body of men and best women in the world are to be found amongst the English aristocracy. The men are high bred courageous and honorable; the women, good, refined, and charitable. Who says that honor is dead in the breasts of English gentlemen? I say it lives, and will live for ever, just as loyally, as goodness lives in the hearts of the women."

"You know no more of the habits and lives of the aristocracy than I do," she said. "You are a true artist; but you have many very false ideas."

"You think so? Well, I think yours are equally incorrect. You seem to me to be prejudiced, Miss Beaton. In every class of society you will find black sheep Do you think it is fair to be harder on the aristocrat who cheats at cards or forges his neighbor's name than on the man who kicks his wife to death? Every class has its own peculiar sins."

"You shall defend the aristocracy, if you like," she said, with a smile; "but I shall not like you any the better for it. I hope that all my life long I shall steer clear of them."

"I hope you will not," was the young lord's thought.

Aloud he said—

"Then if a scion of nobility came wooing you, Miss Beaton, it would be all in vain?"

"It would indeed," she replied. "Not that any stray duke or earl is likely to make his way to St. Byno's?"

"Or even a stray baronet," he added.

"No; St. Byno's is hardly the place to attract such people. If ever I marry—which is very doubtful—I should like to marry an honest industrious man of my own class."

"What do you call your own class, Miss Beaton?" he asked.

"Professional," she replied carelessly. "My father was a doctor."

"I am exceedingly glad that I am a professional," he rejoined, feeling very much ashamed of his evasion; but he would not risk, by telling her his name and title, the small hope he had of winning the liking of this girl.

She would never speak to him again if she knew it.

"All is fair in love and war," he said to himself, resolving to win her if he could.

The morning had broken bright and fair, dewy and fragrant.

Lord Ryvers was early at the trysting-place.

He was uncertain whether she would come or not; but the day would be well spent in waiting for her, should she only pass by.

It was nearly noon when she came

She looked at his picture and admired it.

"You are clever," she said to him briefly. "You will make your way."

"Do you think so?" he asked his face flushing with delight. "Your words give me encouragement; I should be a true artist if I were much with you."

"You are a true artist in any case," she declared emphatically.

Lore Ryvers was leaning against the trunk of a silver-beech; Violet sat on a moss-covered stone; and the time was flying, as it always did when they were together.

She blushed when he spoke of the nightingale.

"I am sure," she said, "that that was a great inprudence on my part. I ought not to have gone out. I shall have a fit of honesty some day, and tell aunt Alice; then I shall receive the reprimand I feel I deserve."

"I wish I could get to know your aunt," he said. "How could it be managed?"

"Not at all," she answered. "My aunt would rather make friends with a whole tribe of Zulus than with a young Englishman, even though he were an artist."

"Could I ask her to let me sketch the cottage?" he said.

"She would never consent. Besides, why should you wish to know her?"

"Can you ask me that question?"

"Certainly I can. I have a great natural affection for aunt Alice, because she has been so good to me; but I cannot see why a stranger should wish to know her."

"I will tell you, Miss Beaton, why I wish to know her. I wish to see more of you. If I knew your aunt, I could call at Acacia Cottage every day."

"Even then you would be obliged to leave the neighborhood when your picture was finished."

He thought to himself that he would not go alone, if prayers and persuasions could induce her to go with him.

Randolph, Lord Ryvers, of Ryverswell, had fixed his whole heart on the winning of this girl; he had fal'en passionately in love with her.

The happiness of his life depended on her; and she not only disliked aristocrats, but gave no sign of being in love with him at all.

He could not rouse in her any consciousness of love; her heart slept the calm sleep of childhood, and he could not awaken it. He told her the most pathetic of love-stories; she only laughed lightly and brightly.

"It is all nonsense," she said.

She wondered that an artist, whose mind should be stored with such different things, could think of nonsense.

She did not care for love-stories; she did not care for love-poetry; she liked martial ballads.

If he recited some of the old Border ballads for her, she was pleased; she liked the ring and the measure.

If he wished to please her, let him leave love alone.

So the days passed on, and the glowing loveliness of June glided into the mature beauty of July.

By this time they had become fast friends—that is, Lord Ryvers was so deeply in love with Violet that he could hardly live out of her presence; while she, without being in the least in love with him, looked to him for the happiness and brightness of her life.

So matters might have continued to run on, but that constant security had made the young lord and Violet careless; and rambling one morning through St. Byno's woods, talking and laughing quite at their ease, Miss Atherton came suddenly upon them.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. The three stood still.

Miss Atherton's stern face grew more stern; beautiful, laughing Violet looked inclined to cry.

Lord Ryvers did not lose his courage, although he was for a few moments quite at a loss what to say.

Miss Atherton drew her tall figure to its utmost height.

There was no escape; they could not pass her by, they could not recede.

Why should they?

Miss Atherton looked at the girl with the rose-flush on her face, then at the tall, broad-shouldered stalwart young fellow by her side.

"Who are you?" was the question asked by her uncompromising eyes and her stern face, a question they both felt must be answered.

Lord Ryvers was equal to the situation; he would have gone through fire for the girl by his side.

He removed his hat, with a low bow, and seeing him there with the sunlight on his handsome head and face, his whole bearing indicative of nobility, a woman's heart might have relented to him. Not to Miss Atherton's.

"Who are you?" the stern eyes repeated.

He bowed again.

"I have the pleasure," he said, "of speaking to Miss Atherton. I have been several times on the point of calling to ask permission to sketch your beautiful cottage."

"Certainly not, sir," she returned.

But Lord Ryvers was not daunted.

"I think it is the most beautiful spot I have seen," he added.

"May I ask who you are, sir?" she inquired.

"I am an artist, madam. I have been sketching in the woods of St. Byno's. I was fortunate enough to meet your niece, and she has kindly shown me one or two of the most picturesque spots."

"My niece," interrupted the lady, "has done wrong. She has no right to speak to you, a stranger."

"I had a vague idea that it was not quite right," said Violet, with a beautiful blush; "but it was so pleasant to talk to some one young, some one nearly my own age, aunt."

"Young!" repeated Miss Atherton, with great contempt. "What is youth but folly? I wish you good morning, sir. No, I decline to have my cottage sketched. I shall keep my niece indoors for the future."

At these words Violet winced.

Lord Ryvers saw that at this present juncture of affairs it would be useless to speak.

He trusted to the future.

He would fain have touched Violet's hand before parting; but with those stern eyes fixed upon him it was impossible.

"I can only hope," murmured Violet, "that I shall not be buried alive in a brick wall, like the girl in the poem."

As for Miss Atherton, her indignation was too great for words.

CHAPTER IV.

When Miss Atherton and her niece reached Acacia Cottage the elder lady stood by while her niece entered.

Then slowly and majestically she turned the key in the lock.

Violet looked at her.

"Aunt Alice," she said, "you cannot mean what you have said? You cannot seriously intend to lock me in the house?"

"I mean it, Violet. For the future, when you go out, I go with you."

Farewell then to the fresh sweet dewy mornings and pleasant rambles by moonlight to hear the nightingale!

Farewell to all the simple pleasures of her young life, if that stern duenna were constantly to be her companion!

She stood still and looked into Miss Atherton's face.

"Aunt," she said simply, "why should you punish me? I have done no wrong, though it is true that I have met this young artist several times. I did not tell you, because I know you dislike young men. But it was plasant to talk to some one of my own age."

"Your own age," replied Miss Atherton, "is the age of folly."

"I do not deny it; but folly is sometimes sweeter than wisdom. And you are really going to lock me up because I have exchanged a few pleasant words with a pleasant acquaintance, one who will in all probability go away in a few days never to return."

"You know my opinion with regard to young men; and, mind, it is my duty, Violet"—and Miss Atherton looked a little confused. "You do not leave this house again while that person is in the neighborhood, unless I accompany you."

"Aunt Alice," said the girl calmly, "you may think it your duty to act as you are doing; but it is one of the unkindest things you ever did in your life."

"I am the best judge of that, Violet," rejoined Miss Atherton coldly. "You have full liberty to walk in the garden and the orchard, but nowhere else without my permission."

And Miss Atherton, with the virtuous conscious of one who has done right, retired to her room, leaving her niece to her thoughts.

They were not very cheerful ones. Violet almost lived out of doors.

What home, parents, friends were to other girls the fields and flowers were to her; and the prospect of having Miss Atherton as her constant companion was not a pleasant one.

If Miss Atherton had not met the young couple, and had not considered it her duty to punish her niece, Violet would not have thought half so much about the young artist.

As it was, her thoughts consantly reverted to him.

She went over all their discussions and arguments in her mind again and again.

She realized she would never again be happy without a friend of her own age. It was so pleasant to laugh and to talk, to exchange ideas with some one on terms of equality.

The intercourse she held with her aunt was too one-sided to be agreeable.

Miss Atherton uttered sentiments, and Violet listened to them without even the desire to contradict.

But with the young artist it had been quite different.

There had been a delightful freedom and gaiety about their conversation.

She had had a glimpse of joy and delight, of youth and happiness; but now it was past and she would, in all probability, never look on that handsome young face again.

Her heart ached at the thought; yet only yesterday the knowledge that their intimacy must end would not have distressed her in the smallest degree.

"I understand now," said Violet Beaton to herself, "what is meant by 'moral force.' For my aunt to lock the door is all nonsense! I could break it open; I could get out at the windows, or by the side-door, which is not locked; but I feel the moral control; and, because my aunt has forgotten me, I feel that I cannot leave the house."

So, having no other distractions, her thoughts were constantly of the young artist.

She had not given many minutes' consideration to his personal appearance before her friendship with him was tabooed. Now she dwelt on it continually. How handsome he was!

"Talk of patrician faces!" said Violet to herself. "I do not believe there is a peer in the world with more perfect and noble features."

She remembered the shapely head and neck, the dark eyes so full of fire and poetry the mouth half hidden by the moustache that her aunt detested; and she wondered that she had not cared more to look at the face when she was near it. She thought of it in her waking hours, and she dreamed of it in her sleep.

Aunt and niece remained on very dignified terms.

Miss Atherton, towards the end of the evening, suggested that they should walk on the Warwick road.

Violet declined, and no more was said on the subject.

"I never realized before what was wanting in my life," said Miss Beaton to herself.

Her mind seemed suddenly to open to all life's possibilities, to all the disadvantages of her position.

Till now she had been a simple light-hearted girl, enjoying such pleasures as fell to her lot, knowing of nothing better than that which she had experienced.

Now she saw there were a thousand innocent delights of which she knew nothing. She began to wonder whether all her life would be spent in the pretty lonely cottage by St. Byno's woods.

Would she always live with aunt Alice, half amused and half frightened at her? And then she wondered again how any break, any change could come, if her aunt locked the door upon her if ever she spoke to a stranger.

She busied herself with her sewing, her beautiful face bent over it, until Miss Atherton became slightly uncomfortable.

She was glad the girl took her punishment quietly; but she would have liked to hear her talk and laugh in her usual fashion. Miss Atherton forgot that birds do not sing one half so sweetly in a cage.

Violet wondered whether the young artist would accept his dismissal quietly. He had seemed to be so happy with her, and to long so for her society.

Would he go away and think no more about her?

It happened that that very evening Miss Atherton had to go to a neighboring farm on a little matter of business. She did not ask Violet to accompany her; she thought a little punishment would not be amiss for her niece.

"I do not ask you to go with me to Redhill Farm, Violet," she said, "as you have declined to accompany me for a walk. While you repair these things"—pointing to a pile of linen which lay on a side-table—"I should like you to reflect on your conduct."

"There can be no harm in my taking my work into the garden," Violet said to herself when Miss Atherton had departed, and thither accordingly she bent her footsteps.

She had not been there many minutes before a soft ball of Guelder roses fell at her feet.

Looking up to see whence it came, she was not a little startled and astonished to see the young artist standing on the other side of the rose-covered hedge.

She blushed and smiled when her eyes met his.

"May I come in?" he said. "I want to speak to you."

She shook her head.

"No, indeed. This is aunt Alice's garden. She does not admit strangers—young men, especially——"

"Will you come to me then? Ah, Miss Beaton, have some compassion! I have been here since the morning, longing to catch one glimpse of you. I saw Miss Atherton go over to the farm, and then I knew my opportunity had arrived."

"Have you not been home?" she asked wonderingly.

"No," he answered.

"You have waited there all this time, just for the hope of seeing me?"

"Yes," he replied. "I had made up my mind that I would not go away without another glimpse of you. I have been hating myself all day to think that I stood by quietly and saw you made prisoner. If it had been a man—— But what can I do to a lady? It is your own fault if you remain in prison. You are not very happy here, are you?"

"No, not very," she answered frankly. "I seem just beginning to awake. One month ago I was quite content—I was not rapturously happy, but I was far from miserable—now I am dissatisfied. I want to know a thousand things that I have never thought of before. I want to know what the world is like beyond this green, dreamy little spot; and it is your fault that I have conceived these vain desires."

"Mine?" he replied, with a flush of delight and pride. "I am delighted to hear it."

"I am not sure," she said, "whether you have acted very wisely. Now that I am awake to the realities and possibilities of life, it seems to me I shall never be satisfied with my present state of existence again. The question is whether it would not have been better for me to remain dormant."

"It is far better for you to be cognisant of all that is going on around you," he cried, with passionate vehemence. "Why should your bright beauty be buried here?"

"There is my aunt," cried Violet.

"Promise that you will see me again," he cried, with all the energy of despair—"here to-morrow evening, when the moon shines, and that terrible aunt of yours has gone to sleep. Will you, Miss Beaton—Violet—will you come?"

And she had just time to whisper "Yes."

CHAPTER V.

Lord Ryvers thought more seriously that night than he had ever thought before.

He was madly in love with this beautiful girl.

He told himself that he must win her for his wife, or he should never know happiness more.

He looked the position in the face.

He was Baron Ryvers of Ryverswell, sole heir of an old race, lord of Mount Avon in Hampshire, owner of one of the prettiest estates in the Isle of Wight and a fine old castle and a moor in the Highlands, one of the most eligible and wealthy barons in England; and he was madly in love with a young girl who detested the aristocracy, and had told him she would never marry one of them.

Love had come to him as a terrible fever. It had taken possession of his whole being.

As he walked home under the shade of the spreading tree, he vowed to himself that he would win her.

The beautiful face of the girl was ever before him.

How he loved her!

He had never thought it possible that he could care for any one like this.

How beautiful she looked on the other side of the rose-covered hedge!

Why had he not leapt over it, caught her in his arms, and carried her away?

His heart was on fire.

No matter what obstacles were in the way he would marry her, if she would have him; but he felt quite sure she would neither love nor marry him if she knew his position and title.

He must win her as an artist, if he won her at all, and afterwards, when he had made her his wife, when he had taught her to love him so dearly that she could not live without him, he would tell her the whole truth; she would not be angry then.

His fate, after all, would be happier than that of many men.

How many were married simply for their title and wealth, or other outward advantages!

With him it would be quite different. He would be married for himself alone—for pure love.

How he would repay her!

It was no easy task that lay before him. On the one hand, he had resolved to marry a girl who hated the aristocracy; on the other hand, he would have to persuade his mother, who was certainly as proud a woman as any in England, to consent to his marriage with a penniless girl.

"She must consent," he cried to himself; "she will consent! If the difficulties were a thousand times greather than they are, I would fight my way through them."

Hitherto he had been scarcely more than a boy—kindly, noble, but a dreamer; he was a man now, with a man's purpose.

Once more his thoughts went back to Ryverswell, where his mother dwelt in luxurious splendor.

When Randolph had wrung from her permission to go on a sketching-tour—permission she granted sorely against her will—she said, when bidding him farewell—

"I do not warn you against the common faults of young men; no son of mine will ever commit those. You are not likely to fall in love with a dairy-maid, or to marry a curate's daughter; but, after this, I trust you will give up your notions of painting, and think seriously of settling in life. There are Gwendoline Marr and Lotta Jocelyn, both beauties and both heiresses. But it is of no use speaking of that just now."

"None in the world," he had answered. "All I can think about at the present moment is my sketching-tour. You must consent, mother; nothing else has any attraction for me—I have heard so much of those splendid Warwickshire trees. As for—for girls, there is plenty of time to discuss them in the future."

"Yes there is plenty of time, as you observe; and I can trust to you, Randolph. You have the true instincts of a gentleman and a Ryvers. Why Providence should have given to my only son the tastes of a wandering artist will always be a puzzle to me. But I must say this for you, Randolph—your over-love of art is your greatest fault."

At the time he had kissed his mother laughingly; now he remembered with a little dismay that he had to ask her consent before he could marry.

Violet however was worth any effort, any trouble that he might experience in winning her.

The old name, held in reverence for generations, the old titles gallantly kept, the grand old home, the family honors—he would have sacrificed them all, would have laid them all at her feet.

The hot impetuous love that, like a lava tide, swept all before it was one of the characteristics of the race.

The Ryverses were a very old family, and had come over to England with the Conqueror.

They were a branch of the great De Riviers family.

After they settled in England, as time went on, they dropped the "De" and adopted the English method of spelling the name.

They had not lost the Norman style of feature, the dark hair, and the dark eyes of Norman race; but they were English enough in other respects.

The family had passed through many vicissitudes; they had been sometimes rich sometimes poor, but always loyal.

A Ryvers stood by the side of Edward the First when he showed his infant son to the assembled chieftains; the Ryverses fought boldly in the Crusades; a Ryvers saved the King's life in the Wars of the Roses.

If they did not accumulate money, they acquired fame and honor.

It was the Merrie Monarch who gave the grand old estate of Ryverswell to the head of the family, together with the barony.

The old race was fast becoming extinct now.

When Philip, Lord Ryvers, died, he left three children, two daughters and one son.

The son, being then only five years old, had a long minority before him.

The elder daughter, Marguerite, a beautiful brunette, married the Earl of Lester.

The second daughter, Monica, was still unmarried, and lived with Lady Ryvers. Personal beauty was one of characteristics of the Ryvers family.

Their daughters always married well, for they were among the most beautiful women in the land, and their gift of beauty had brought them into relationship with some of the oldest families in the country.

That Monica was still unmarried was her own fault.

She had admirers in plenty, but none that pleased her.

During the minority of the young Baron, the family had resided at Ryverswell.

When the young heir came of age he would live there; and, in the event of his marrying, his mother would retire to the Dower house, a pretty, picturesque dwelling standing near Mount Avon.

Lady Ryvers was quite agreeable to this arrangement.

She had enjoyed her life, had lived her day.

Her great anxiety now was to see her son well married.

She had several eligible heiresses in view; but there was nothing to be done until he was cured of his art craze. It was a great blow to Lady Ryvers when one day her son turned to her and said—

"Mother, I wish I had been born to be an artist."

"My son," said the proud lady, regarding him in consternation, "never let me hear such a sentiment from your lips again. You may be a patron of art—the Ryverses have always been that—but an artist—oh, never!"

One might as well have forbidden the wind to blow, the stars to shine, or the flowers to grow, as have forbidden the young heir to paint.

He was an artist born.

He had the keen perception, the passion for color, the fine true sense that show the artist.

He began in the nursery, where his sketches were the admiration of nurses and servants.

Lady Ryvers repressed his talent; she never praised it, never alluded to it, and made it a point always to speak of art and artists in the most contemptuous fashion; but she could not change the boy or alter his temperament.

A fine, brave, handsome young Englishman, Randolph, Lord Ryvers, was the pride and delight of the whole household. His mother almost worshipped him, his sisters loved and were proud of him. Now he had grown to the age o. twenty, and this sketching-tour was to be one of the last indulgences of youth.

His childhood and youth had been irreproachable; even Lady Ryvers herself admitted that his love of art had kept him from "anything worse."

Mother and sisters were looking forward now to the time when he should take home a wife to Ryversdale—one worthy to reign there and sustain the prestige of the grand old race.

And that was the young fellow who was going mad for love of Violet Beaton at St. Bynn's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lost Note.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"IF I were not very poor, Nina, how happy we should be!"

These were young Edwin Jones' words to his lady-love as he sat by her side one very cold December night, and she being a very lively, hopeful little thing, made answer—

"Why, Eddie, dear, we are happy now, but I do wish I had twenty-five dollars to buy me that handsome green silk I saw yesterday."

"Dear little thing, I wish I could buy it for you," said Edwin, as he turned over the leaves of a ponderous book which lay on the table.

He started suddenly, and held up a bank note which he had found in the book.

"Look here, Nina! here is just what you want a twenty-five-dollar-note."

"That is just one of auntie's notes," said Nina.

"I suppose she thought it would be safe in that big Bible."

"Undoubtedly," said little Edwin, musingly.

"It takes nearly a month for me to earn as much money as that. Isn't that a nice-looking note?"

"Yes," said Nina; "but it would look nicer exchanged for that green silk. I wish I had my pockets full of them."

"It is too bad you can't have the new dress," said Edwin, who was scarcely more than a boy.

"Nina—Nina," called the young girl's aunt from the kitchen, and Nina ran to obey the call, saying—

"I'll be back in a moment, Eddie."

When she entered the parlor Edwin stood, with hat in hand, ready to depart.

"What, going so soon?" said Nina, looking disappointed.

"Yes. Good-night, Nina. I hope sometime to be richer than I am now."

"You are just as dear to me as though you were worth a million," said Nina, as she gave him a good-night kiss.

With overcoat buttoned to his chin and hat drawn low over his eyes, Edwin Jones closed the door behind him, and Nina went back to the kitchen where her aunt sat knitting.

"What a funny place you keep that note in?" she said, as she curled herself up in a big chair near the fire.

"Edwin was looking over the leaves of the Bible to-day, and there it was. I daresay he thought it was a very funny idea."

"I didn't s'pose folks was going to entertain themselves when they come here by wearing out my Bible," said Miss Worth, bending near the light to count the stitches.

"I don't believe Edwin ever looked in the book before in his life," said Nina. "It isn't at all his way to disturb things."

"Well, at all events, I think you are too young and too poor to think of getting married," said Miss Worth.

"Why, we don't either of us think of getting married yet," said Nina; "but we couldn't help loving each other, and Edwin is as honest and true as ever anybody could be."

"I daresay he would do very well if he wasn't tempted to do anything wrong, but if he was, who knows how he would act?

"I don't for one, and you don't for another."

"Eddie is a good boy. I am sure of it as I want to be, and I don't see, aunt, why you dislike him," said Nina.

"I don't dislike him," said Miss Worth. "I've no doubt but that he is a good boy, but I don't like to see girls have beaux so young. Long engagements I don't believe in."

"Well, maybe it is unfortunate, but how can we help it? Before we knew it we were in love with each other, and of course in such a case we had rather be engaged than not."

"Of course," said Miss Worth, with a grim smile.

"It's a pity, though, you didn't wait till you were out of school; but we might as well make the best of it now. I'm no hand to make or break matches."

"I know you are not, auntie, and I'm sorry I am not older and Edwin too. You are so very kind to me, and always have been, but I hope it will prove to be all right, and we shall none of us be sorry."

"Well, well, I hope so," said Miss Worth just as the clock struck nine.

"It's bedtime now, Nina. You are a good girl, and I hope you will sleep well."

"Thank you, auntie, I often dream of your kindness. Good-night."

It was not quite noon the next day when Mr. Lawson's errand-boy rapped at the kitchen door, and delivered a bundle for Miss Nina.

As the astonished girl tore off the paper, she saw the beautiful green silk dress pattern which she had admired so much, and accompanying it was a note from Edwin Jones, which was as follows:

"DEAR NINA—"I unexpectedly received some money, and have purchased for you the green silk. If you are as pleased to receive the gift as I am to present it, we shall both be happy. I cannot see you till the night of the party. Till then, adieu.

"EDDIE."

"Oh, dear! how kind he is," said Nina, laying the silk in her aunt's lap. "Isn't this a splendid present, aunt?"

"Altogether too splendid to come from a poor boy like Edwin Jones. His extravagance will ruin him," said Miss Worth, with a very indifferent look at the silk.

"But he did it all to please me," said Nina.

"He knew I wanted it so much, and it is all my fault if he is extravagant. I am almost sorry he spent his money for it, but, then, it is so pretty."

Miss Worth expressed no admiration, and Nina wrapped it again in the paper, and ran over to a neighbor's to show it to a friend.

* * * * * *

The dress was at last made, with all the fur belows which fashion demanded, and Nina radiant with joy, viewed herself before the mirror in her room arrayed for the party.

"Oh, Nina!" said her friend, enthusiastically, "I nexer saw you look one half so well before. That dress is a perfect beauty."

"I hope Eddie will be pleased with it," said Nina.

"Pleased with it? He will be charmed, infatuated——"

The door opened unceremoniously, and Miss Worth entered.

Her face was colorless, and a strange excitement shone in her eyes.

"Nina," she said, "come into my room a moment: Miss Jason will excuse you."

"Certainly," said Miss Jason, wondering what could be the matter, while Nina, frightened and amazed, followed her aunt from the room.

"Nina Rivers," said Miss Worth, "that note is gone, and Edwin Jones has taken it.

"There is where he so unexpectedly got the money to make you that splendid present."

"Oh, Aunt Jane, I shall die," screamed Nina, as she sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"How could he have done it? How do you know he took it, aunt?"

"Because no one else knew where it was, and because of everything which condemns him," said Miss Worth, fiercely.

"Oh, it is so terrible, aunt. I wish I had never mentioned the dress, and I wish—oh, aunt, I wish I could die!" said Nina, sobbing, and swaying backwards and forwards.

"Hush!" said her aunt. "We should be thankful we have discovered his dishonest disposition. It would take him to jail."

"Don't, don't," screamed Nina. "You won't be cruel enough to charge him aunt; you can't be cruel enough for that."

"No; I won't be just enough to do it. He has been too intimate here to make me in favor of letting the world know he is a thief.

"Just you go and take off your dress, and we will wrap it up and send it back to him, and you must never see him again."

"Oh, dear, I can't—I can't," said Nina. "It can't be that he took it: perhaps——"

"There is no perhaps about it," said Miss Worth.

"Go and take off your dress, Nina. I am sorry for you, but it is all for the best, and to-morrow you may go to Greendale to aunt Mary's, and stay as long as you like."

Still weeping, Nina went back to her room, and told her friend that the news of a great sorrow had just reached them, and she could not go to the party, and begged her to leave her alone.

Her aunt soon entered the room, and, taking the dress, crushed it into a small bundle, and sent it to Edwin Jones.

The next day, her eyesswollen with weeping, and her heart bursting with sorrow, Nina started for Greendale, and did not return for more than two months.

When she came back to her home, Edwin Jones had left the town, and very few, if anyone, knew where he had gone.

This was a positive proof of his guilt, Miss Worth said, and Nina's face was pale, and her merry laugh was heard no more making the old house resound with mirth and melody.

Spring came around, and Miss Worth was deep in the mysteries of house cleaning.

The parlor was left till the very last, but when the day of its venture came, Miss Worth very carefully packed away the shells, the books, and other ornaments into an old chest, until they should adorn a room thoroughly renovated.

Miss Worth took up the Bible a little roughly; she had never felt over friendly towards it since the note had been taken.

Nina and Maggie, the servant, stood by, and it was evident that all three were thinking of the lost money.

Suddenly they all started, for Miss Worth had by some mishap dropped the ponderous volume, which face downwards on the floor.

"I daresay it is ruined forever," said Miss Worth, as she stooped down to pick it up.

She raised it a foot from the floor, then, with a scream, she dropped it again, for there was the note, lying composedly where it had dropped from the Bible.

"How could I have overlooked it?" screamed Miss Worth, in a sharp, shrill tone.

"Impossible! I didn't—someone must have replaced it. I know it wasn't there when I looked for it, which was more than a dozen times.

"I am sure I looked between every leaf in that book."

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" said Nina, standing like a statue, her face whiter than before, and stern with reproof.

"Only think how Eddie was wronged; and he has gone, too, and we cannot ask his forgiveness.

"How could you have been so careless? Yet, after all, aunt, this is the greatest joy of my life, to see the proof of his innocence, for—Heaven forgive me!—I believed him guilty.

"I despise myself for it, but evidence was so strong aginst him."

"But what can it mean that I overlooked the note? I wish I could solve that mystery."

"Please, ma'am," said Maggie, now taking part in the scene, "please, ma'am, it has weighed on my mind long enough. It was I who took the note, and put it back again three weeks after, because my conscience was all the time condemning me, an' it's your forgiveness I want, and I never'll do the like of it again."

"And that's the way it is," said Miss Worth, in a tone of anguish. "Nina, you never can forgive me; and what must have poor Edwin thought when the dress came back to him? Go away, Maggie," she said to the servant, and Maggie went away weeping.

"Now, Nina, what can I do to pay for the injury I have done you and Edwin?" said Miss Worth, humbly.

"You can do nothing, aunt. We shall probably never see him again," said Nina, bitterly. "It was cruel to suspect him when he was innocent. I shall never forgive myself."

* * * * * *

Six years passed away, and Nina Rivers was still unwedded, and still hoped to some time meet her boy lover.

It was the last day of the old year, and she sat alone in the parlor, waiting for her aunt who had gone to see a sick neighbor.

It was just such a cold, stormy night as the one six years ago, when she had last seen Edwin Jones.

As memory brought before her vision the happy days long ago, she wept silently all the time, gazing into the blazing fire.

The sudden ring of the door bell startled her.

She hurried into the hall, and threw open the door, and there she saw her aunt, accompanied by a gentleman closely muffled.

"I do believe Nina, you have been crying," said Miss Worth, as she stepped into the parlor, followed by the stranger; "but I have brought the old friend home with me, and if he cannot make you smile, you never will smile again."

The "old friend" threw aside hat and cloak, and Nina cried joyfully—"It is Eddie!" and her sorrows were ended.

"I met him," said Miss Worth, rubbing her hands gleefully together, "and told him the whole story, and for a wonder he forgives me, and says he is not so poor as he was once, and you shall have another green silk, and I do believe I never felt so young in my life."

"And I am sure I never was so happy," said Nina.

In the budding spring the wedding came and Miss Worth's present to the happy bridal pair was the ponderous Bible which had unconsciously been the cause of all their trouble, but had brought them joy at last, as it unfailingly does to those who earnestly peruse its contents.

Bric-a-Brac.

SNAILS AND SALT.—The easiest method of destroying snails is to scatter salt profusely in and around the places occupied by them. The slightest touch of salt is death to the snail.

SWORD SWALLOWING.—Sword swallowers are not the wonderful people the world has been wont to regard them, if a writer in *Le Nature* is to be believed. According to that personage any one can train himself to perform the feat "for it is only as a consequence of repeated trial, that the pharynx becomes sufficiently accustomed to it to permit them to finally swallow objects as large and rigid as swords, sabres, canes and even billiard cues.

THE EARTH.—One of those scientific gentlemen, who spend their time in determining results on impossible hypotheses, estimates that if the earth should come in contact with another heavenly body of the same size, the quantity of heat developed would be sufficient to melt, boil and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times that of both the colliding worlds, an ice planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

THE AUTOGRAPH WOMAN.—A curious case of sensitive skin has been observed in a female patient at one of the Berlin hospitals. It was found that if a name was written upon it with the nail, or with a blunt piece of wood, the flesh rose at once over the marked track to the height of several millimetres, showing the writing very plainly. After a while it vanished. So many persons have thus written their names on her body that she is called the autograph woman.

THE BIRDS IN NORWAY.—In most of the provinces in Norway there is a pretty custom of feeding the wild birds on Christmas day. All the animals belonging to a family have double their usual dinner and share in the great festival. The kind-hearted peasants also fasten up wisps of oat straw all about their houses for the birds, who are quick at telling each other the news, and flocking down in great numbers to peck out the grain. In the towns great bunches of unthrashed oats are brought to the market place, and no matter how poor the people are, they will be sure to have one bit of money saved to buy the birds a feast. The little sheaves are seen fastened on the house-tops and outside the windows, and nobody in Norway would frighten a bird that day, if he could help it.

THE WAY IN LONDON.—There are plenty of churches to visit, in London, England, and good sermons are preached, and the people seem to take advantage of this and go to church. At Spurgeon's tabernacle the crowd is always great, and every stranger pays it one visit at least. When you approach the entrance you are met by a verger or official, who gives you an envelope. This envelope requests you to give a contribution—a penny or more—and drop it in the box provided. The far-seeing as well as the charitable, do this, and to them the side gate or door is open. The sexton places you in a back seat, and requests you to wait until 10:50 o'clock. The rule is, pew-holders must be in their seats by that time or lose their places. When the hour arrives the sexton tells you to go up the aisle and take any seat vacant. When those who have contributed are seated the great doors are opened and the crowd is admitted. Then the services begin.

THE WATCH.—Says old Sir Thomas Browne: Few ears have escaped the noise of the death-watch, that is a clicking sound, heard often in many rooms, somewhat resembling that of a watch, and this is conceived to be an evil omen, or prediction of some person's death; wherein, notwithstanding, there is nothing of rational presage or just cause of terror unto melancholy and meticulous heads. For this noise is made by a little sheath-winged, grey insect, found often in wainscoat benches and woodwork in the Summer. We have taken many thereof, and kept them in thin boxes wherein I have heard and seen them work and knock with a little proboscis or trunk against the edge of the box, like a woodpecker against a tree. It worketh best in warm weather, and for the most part giveth not over or under nine or ten strokes at a time. He that could extinguish the terrifying apprehensions hereof might prevent the passions of the heart, and many cold sweats in grandmother and nurses, who, in the sickness of children, are so startled with these noises.

FIGHTING A DUEL.—Two Hungarian youths of noble descent recently fought in a peculiar fashion. These fiery youths had exchanged the description of insult that could only, from their point of view, be washed out by blood, and accordingly, as the phrase goes in such cases, "placed themselves in the hands of their friends." The friends met in solemn conclave, and after carefully discussing the merits of the quarrel referred to them for settlement, came to the conclusion that the following method of combat would exactly meet the exigencies of the situation. Two tiny spheres, one white, the other black, were placed in a wineglass, and the "principals," having been blindfolded, were asked to "draw." Both of the would-be combatants it should be observed, had pledged their honor to observe the conditions of strife prescribed by their seconds in common. He to whose lot the black ball fell found himself, to his infinite surprise and discomfiture, compelled to fast upon bread and water for a whole fortnight, under the supervision of his adversary's "friends." He fulfilled his pledge with a good grace, to the full satisfaction of his wounded honor, if not of his healthy appetite.

HEART TO HEART.

I've somewhere read in olden tales—
Such as the Persian poets sing—
That in the fragrant Eastern vales
Are birds with but a single wing.

And hooks and links of solid bone
The want of missing wings supply,
And thus, when either bird alone
Essays through boundless space to fly,

Each lacks its other, better part,
Which being by its mate supplied
They, linked together, heart to heart,
With hopeful wings can upward glide.

Each bird, depending on its mate,
Thus feels the need of loving care;
Each bears in part the other's weight,
And thus is formed a perfect pair.

And so, I've thought, the human heart
Will silent in its prison dwell,
And languish till its counterpart
Is brought within its subtle spell.

Like those rare birds of Eastern clime,
It strives in vain to leave the earth,
Until at Fate's appointed time
It finds a mate of equal worth.

And then bound fast with bonds of love,
More lasting far than hooks of bone,
The twain can soar to realms above—
Two souls in form—in love but one.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVAN LLOYD sat for some time in deep thought, and then starting up, left the room, and went in search of Paul de St. Hilaire.

The young count was not in the morning room, which was indeed only tenanted by his mother, busily engaged in some feminine employment, and looking more placidly happy than Evan had seen her since his return.

"Where is De St. Hilaire?" he asked.

"I don't know; somewhere in the grounds, I think, with the girls," replied his mother.

"But, Evan," she added quickly, "I wanted to say something to you, my son.

"Forget what I was induced to reveal in my great agony. I thought it my duty then; but I have repented it ever since. I shall ask your father's forgiveness as I have already asked the Almighty's, for so far forgetting a wife's duty."

"You, mother!—you forget," said Evan; "it seems to me that it is my father who has forgotten, and he ought to humble himself in the dust before you, his good angel."

Evan was sincere in this.

His chief amiable and soft trait was love and reverence for his mother.

"Hush, Evan; hush!" said his mother. "You must never venture to reproach your father, even in thought; and I am so very happy.

"He has returned to his old noble self again, and we shall never have to condemn or even grieve for him.

"My son, he is again the head of his own family, and is henceforth to be reverenced as well as loved."

"Mother," said the young man, "did you ever know my dear father to break a promise?"

"My son, can you ask?" she replied. "It is impossible; you know it is."

"And he loves me, you think?" continued Evan.

"Loves you, his only son!—more than life, of course;—you, the only one to carry on the name, our pride and joy.

"And oh, Evan, if I could but have seen you married in your own native place, to one whom——but there, I did not mean to vex you, dear boy; only Winifred Herbert is like another daughter to me from her birth."

Evan rose, and walked impatiently to the door.

"Is my father in the library?" he asked.

"Yes, but Dr. Davis is with him," replied his mother; "he called about half an hour ago, and your father and he have been together ever since."

"What on earth does he want?" exclaimed Evan. "My father is not ill." "The doctor is an old friend, Evan.

"I am always pleased when he can spare an hour for your father."

Evan was anything but satisfied.

He did not like the blunt, shrewd physician, and he had cherished a feeling of angry distrust ever since the day of Laura's accident.

He dared not, however, excite his mother's suspicions by any further remarks.

He wandered into the grounds, expecting to fall in with his sister and his friends in some of their favorite haunts.

But no glimpse of them was to be seen.

He was just returning to the house in uneasy anxiety for the departure of the obnoxious doctor, when a murmur of voices caught his ear, and the next moment he heard Paul de St. Hilaire say, through the thick covert of brushwood that separated the speaker and the listener, "Then I may speak, dearest; you do not forbid my asking Sir William's consent?"

Lucy's reply, was inaudible, but Evan did not need words to explain its purport, for a slight opening in the shrubbery in which they were walking revealed the two figures as they passed.

Lucy's sweet face was downcast, but Paul's triumphant look, and the boldness with which he drew her yet nearer to him, told of the success of his suit, so far as the girl herself was concerned.

Evan was not surprised, nor altogether displeased, and yet there was a strange jealousy in his mind at the accomplishment of what he had long foreseen.

The straightforward, honest, open affection of the young Frenchman was a disagreeable contrast to his own long-delayed, hesitating, crooked courtship of Paul's sister.

Even Evan's blunted sense of right was somewhat galled and annoyed by the contrast.

But after all it was no bad thing to have a double tie to the De St. Hilaires, and Lucy was making a creditable match—one that would also take her away from all old associations.

On the whole Evan rather approved the affair than not, though its workings were not at present altogether clear to his tortuous mind.

As Evan re-entered the house, Dr. Davis was quitting the library, and he heard him say, "All right, I know there's no turning an obstinate horse from any folly he sets his mind on, and the sooner you give him his head the sooner he'll stop."

"No delay, then," were Sir William's last words; and the doctor, with a grunt and a nod, left the room.

Dr. Davis passed Evan in the broad vestibule, but though he looked the young man full in the face, he did not give the slightest word or look of recognition.

It was a reproof the more galling because it could not be answered or resented, and it stung Evan to the quick.

He tried to turn away with a sneer, but it was a lame attempt, and he felt it.

He was proceeding to the library, with the intention of discovering, if possible, the object of the doctor's long visit, but Paul had eagerly seized the opportunity of the good man's exit, and the young man's patience was once more tried to the utmost.

"Sir William," exclaimed the young count, the moment the door had closed upon them, "I am too much in earnest for preambles or fine speeches.

"I am come to ask you for your daughter and I do not think you can be much surprised at my errand.

"I never tried to hide my love for her, and you must have noticed it."

Sir William turned very pale during the young man's speech, and his eyes looked very sad.

Paul was too much engrossed to notice it.

When, however, his companion did not reply, but sat with his eyes mournfully fixed on the papers that lay on the table before him, he took alarm.

"Surely, sir, there cannot be any objection on your part?" said the young man, with the stately air peculiar to him.

"So soon!" said the old man, mournfully. "I did not look for it yet—not yet."

"Soon, my dear sir? Why, I have been longing to express to you my feelings since the first day I saw your daughter; but I felt it only due to her to give her time to know me—it would have been presumption to expect to win such a treasure lightly; but now, surely——"

"No, no, it is not that, Paul; it is not that.

"Your father's son had a passport here to our hearts and our confidence, and you acted as became him.

"But—you know not—you cannot guess——"

"I know all I need to know, sir; and that is, that Lucy is your daughter, and the sweetest creature that ever gladdened and blessed man's life. What more can I want?"

"Paul, Lucy is penniless," said Sir William.

The count started slightly; not that it was of import to his generous mind, but it astonished him.

"I see," continued Sir William, "you were not prepared for this. Let it be as if the words you have just uttered had never been spoken."

"You do me injustice, my dear sir," returned Paul.

"It makes no difference in my feelings; but if it is so, I certainly regret it for your own sake and Evan's. I mean, if—— He stopped embarrassed.

"You would say, if my circumstances are so involved, my poverty so great, as that would imply," said the baronet. "This very hour, Paul de St. Hilaire, I have mortgaged to its full value this estate—the sole dependence of my wife and my child.

"Now, do not hesitate; remember, you are as free as you were before you entered this room; it is for you to think well ere you decide."

"Mortgaged!" repeated Paul. "Good heavens, sir, why did you not apply to me?

"I am not perhaps rich, for Laura's large fortune has much diminished my father's property; but still——"

"Still, it could not be," said Sir William, "Listen, Paul.

"The money for which I have mortgaged my estate is to pay a debt of honor—to wipe away a stain on the conscience, if not on the name; and no loan, according to my ideas, could have satisfied the demand of stern justice."

Paul was silent.

He began to recall much that had perplexed him in Sir William's conduct since his arrival.

Could it be that the noble old friend of his high-minded father had been oppressed by the weight of some secret obligation, some unacknowledged guilt, that demanded a yet unoffered atonement?

"I can explain nothing further, Paul," said Sir William, guessing what was passing in his mind.

"I tell you again, my heart is lightened of a load, from which I could till now see no escape; but it is at a terrible price—the little intended for my wife and child. Still, honor and good conscience is a better heritage than wealth."

There was a noble elevation, an unflinching candor in the fine, worn face, that rebuked any doubts in Paul's mind.

"Say no more, Sir William. I am ashamed to have doubted you for a moment. As to fortune, it is of no import in my idea. I have enough to keep up my family name old chateau, and Lucy will not ask for splendor or expensive gaieties. Then I may tell her that you consent—that you will sanction our happiness?"

Again Sir William hesitated.

There was a terrible struggle in his mind. Ought he to allow the son of his old friend to ally himself with a name that might hereafter be associated with shame, disgrace and guilt?

But then came the thought of Lucy's beauty, innocence, and goodness.

Was she to be sacrificed for a crime of which she was guiltless?—her young life to be overshadowed by a dark cloud, that might pass away without a storm?

The name she bore was for many a generation as stainless as ancient; and the sweetest and fairest of the daughters of this honored house should surely be a treasure in herself, that might well be prized under any adverse fortune.

"Paul," said the baronet, gravely, "to become your wife is the destiny I would have most desired for my child had I been able to control her fate.

"I know she will be safe with you, and as happy as her dear mother and I have been in our married life.

"I do consent freely and frankly; but, Paul, I dare not, as a man of honor, conceal from you that there is a cloud over us just now, that it is even possible that greater misfortunes may befall us.

"Will you still venture to ally yourself with us?"

"I shall only glory in saving my Lucy from adversity, and having the right to help and sympathise with my father's dearest friend," was the prompt reply.

"And you fear not the world's verdict in such a case?" continued Sir William.

"I should challenge the world to blame my choice," said the young man, pointing from the window to the figures of Lucy and his sister, as they slowly walked up and the terrace walk, Laura's arm lovingly round the light form of her companion, and Lucy's sweet face upturned, with a look of such grateful happiness, as would have won an anchorite to admire and to love.

Sir William looked, and the tears sprang into his eyes.

"Take her then, Paul," he said; "you are worthy of her, and I cannot give you greater praise than that."

In another moment the young man was by the side of the two young girls, and, regardless of Laura's presence, he clasped his betrothed joyfully in his arms, while Laura glided away.

One thought, perhaps, was in her heart, and gave some bitterness to her generous brother's happiness.

"Does Evan love me so?" was the feeling which brought the proud blood to Laura's face, and sent her to the thickest recess of the garden for solitude and reflection.

She would not meet Evan just then.

She dared not, for she must have betrayed her heart's secret too plainly, ay, more than she had ever done, though the very proud intensity of her nature had made her careless of concealment, where her devotion had been so intense, and, as she believed, so nobly placed.

But now, for the first time, the very contrast that Evan had dreaded between her brother's honorable frankness and unhesitating affection for Lucy, and her own lover's delay and half-veiled attachment, came forcibly before her, and she almost hated herself for the doubts that sprung up in her mind.

The sound of horse's feet roused her from her deep fit of thought.

It was Evan, riding rapidly away on some expedition that seemed both urgent and unpleasant, for the glimpse she caught of his face, as he passed the turn of the shrubbery where she sat, showed her that it was gloomy and dark, as she had never yet seen it.

A sudden desire, unaccountable to herself, seized the young girl.

She would go to the Farm, and see that beautiful being who had saved her life.

Hitherto she had been unable to accomplish this object—Winifred was so long ill, and so averse to seeing even Lucy during her recovery.

Then some difficulty had always been raised in the way of meeting either at the Grange or the Farm.

But now, on the very eve of departure, she would wait no longer, consult no one, but go herself, and satisfy her curiosity and her gratitude.

Laura might be pardoned if the strange conduct of her lover, where Winifred was concerned, had excited some surprise, if not suspicion, in her mind.

She hastily re-entered the house, and putting on her hat and cloak, left the grounds unperceived.

There was little chance of her absence being noticed at that moment; the lovers were engrossed with each other, Sir William and Lady Lloyd were together in the library, and Evan was absent.

Laura knew the way.

Everything connected with the beautiful Winifred, from the first moment she saw her at church, had possessed a strange interest and fascination for her; and though she had only once driven over to the Farm, she could trace every turning without fear of mistake, and she hurried on, her face slightly flushed with eagerness and emotion, and her heart beating wildly, she scarcely knew why.

Laura had arrived at the turn that separated the paths to the church and the farm, and paused a moment to take breath after her rapid walk, and consider what excuse she could give for this solitary visit, when a step approached.

She looked round; it was Mr. Thornton.

Now Laura had a great liking for the curate, though she had seen but little of him since the day he had spent with them at Chirk Castle, and that little had been under Evan's jealous supervision.

And the young clergyman, on his side, had been struck not so much by the beauty of the French girl, as by her sparkling vivacity, quick intellect, and warm, generous disposition.

Moreover, there was the bond between them of a service rendered and received, and nothing tends so much to facilitate the growth of friendship or regard as this one tie.

Perhaps too there might be an unconscious sympathy in their positions and feelings; but as yet it was only a matter of suspicion as to the real state of the hearts of either.

"Miss de St. Hilaire, and alone!" exclaimed the curate, after the first greeting.

"Yes, I am an unprotected damsel for once, Mr. Thornton. I assure you I can usually take tolerable care of myself, though I am not surprised you should think I am unfit to be trusted out of safe keeping, from the specimens I have given of my abilities since I came. Two accidents in three weeks are certainly enough to ruin my character for common sense."

"To establish it for daring and good fortune, at least," he replied, smiling; "but that was not my meaning. I was surprised that you should be away from the rest of your party, that was all."

Laura hesitated a moment in what she was going to say.

Something told her it would give a sharp pang to her companion when he should hear of Lucy's engagement; and yet, perhaps, it was better he should hear it in private from kindly female lips than run the risk of betraying himself before strangers.

"I was not wanted," she said, looking most earnestly at some wild flowers she had in her hand.

"Mr. Lloyd is gone off somewhere, Sir William and Lady Lloyd are closeted together, and Lucy and Paul are quite sufficient to each other just now."

At this confirmation of his fears, Charles Thornton felt a cold, heavy sickness at his heart, a vague aching pain that was the prelude to long desolation of heart hereafter. He gave a quick glance at Laura; her eyes were downcast, but there was a sad, sweet expression in the usually arch mouth that told him she guessed and pitied his feelings.

"Then, I presume—I suppose——" he began, trying in vain to speak in his ordinary voice.

"That your fair Welsh recluse is one day to be mistress of an almost equally quiet French chateau," she replied; "I know you will believe me, when I tell you that Paul is worthy of her, and (be glad of it) I cannot pay you a greater compliment."

The girl held out her hand.

She could not help it, and her large expressive eyes spoke the sympathy she was too delicate to offer in words.

Mr. Thornton understood and appreciated it.

He grasped the offered hand, with almost painful pressure, and a low "Thank you" escaped his lips.

"Now, I am going to pay a debt, as far as words can pay it," said Laura, feeling the silence that ensued embarrassing. "I want to see that sweet girl who saved my life, and tell her what a life-long obligation she has put me under.

"They will admit the dangerous foreigner won't they, without an English keeper to guard her?"

Mr. Thornton would perhaps have preferred complete solitude just then, but he could scarcely leave the young girl to pursue her way alone, and there was a charm in her unspoken but gentle sympathy that made him cling to her companionship.

"If you will allow me, Miss de St. Hilaire, I will escort you there," said the young curate.

"I was going to the Grange, but of course my visit would be ill timed—and, at least, I can give you a chance of speaking to Miss Herbert undisturbed."

Laura smiled.

She had seen enough of Dame Herbert to understand his meaning.

Both were too much engrossed for conversation, and they went on in silence to the farm-house.

Mr. Thornton lifted the old-fashioned door-latch, and preceded Laura into the parlor, or general apartment of the family.

"Dear me, Mr. Thornton, is it you?—and bless me, why you've brought the young lady with you," burst from Mrs. Herbert, as her visitors entered.

"Why, I told my husband, she'd never go away, without coming just to show she was all well again, and——"

"Indeed, indeed, I have been very anxious to come," said Laura, eagerly, "but Mr. Lloyd said Miss Herbert was not well enough to see me.

"I did so long to thank her, and you too, kind Mrs. Herbert, though words are very poor things I know."

"Well, I suppose it was one word for Winifred and two for himself," was the blunt rejoinder.

"Mayhap he felt rather ashamed, the way he behaved, leaving his old friend to die, as you may say, and——"

"I think I see your daughter in the garden," interrupted Mr. Thornton.

"Perhaps, Miss de St. Hilaire, you would like to join her?"

"Oh yes, so very much!" said Laura, whose heart had begun to beat painfully at Mrs. Herbert's words; "I know my way, and I won't fall in the water again, I promise you."

She hastily left the room, without waiting for further permission, and was within a yard or so of the spot where Winifred stood before she perceived her, and then she started, turned pale and red, and made an involuntary movement to run away from the dreaded guest, but it was too late.

And there she stood, trembling and fluttered as a bird with a hawk or eagle within sight, her large soft eyes fixed, with a startled, frightened look on Laura's beautiful face.

"I am so glad, so very glad to see you at last," said Laura, eagerly seizing her hands and pressing them in hers.

"But now I feel I cannot thank you, can't tell you half I feel of gratitude and reverence.

"You seem as if you were my guardian angel; I thought so when you came to me in that dreadful pool, and when you lay by me at the time we were both so ill. Oh, Winifred, I wish you would promise to love me as I feel I could you."

Poor Winifred!

She could love Laura, but for that strange horror, that instinctive dread at her splendid-looking appearance, and her irresistible attractions.

"I daresay I should when I knew you," she faltered.

"But don't speak so. It was nothing. I could not do otherwise. Please don't say any more about it."

"But I must—it is in my heart," said Laura; "and before going away I felt I must tell you, and make you promise you will always remember you have a friend in Laura de St. Hilaire, who owes you her life, and that she will ever hold that life, and all that makes it dear and happy, as yours—a sacred debt, to be repaid whenever you may claim it at her hands."

The young girl spoke with an impetuous energy which was characteristic of her nation and herself, and that quite overpowered the gentle Winifred, all unused to such demonstrative outpourings.

"Will you promise?" repeated Laura, more gently.

"I cannot go away happy, unless I feel that you believe and trust me."

"Go away?" said Winifred, her attention more caught by the words than the passionate eagerness of her companion's gratitude.

"Yes, we leave in two days," replied Laura, "and I may not see Llanover again for a long time.

"But something tells me we shall soon meet again. There is a strange relation between us. I feel it; do you?"

Again the poor, little, jealous heart dwelt on the words, "I may not see Llanover again for a long time," and she felt more kindly to the stranger now that all her fears seemed groundless.

"You are very kind," she said: "but I daresay you will come again. I know Lucy and——"

Then she broke down; for of all persons in the world, Evan's name was a forbidden one between them.

"Oh, Lucy will be more likely to come to our chateau than I am to return to Llanover," said Laura, smiling; "but she will tell you her own secrets, I daresay. And Paul, my brother, will come to thank you and bid you farewell before we go. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd will bring him when he bids you good-bye."

Winifred opened her large eyes piteously and said, with desperate calmness, "Is Mr. Lloyd going with you?"

"Yes, he has got an appointment not far from us," replied Laura; "he only knew it this morning, and I do not doubt you will see him very soon.

"And now I must go, for they do not know where I am.

"Good-bye, Winifred — sweet, brave Winifred! Remember my vow. I shall not forget it."

She stooped down, printed a kiss on the cold, pale lips, which scarcely returned the pressure, and was gone.

Winifred sank on the turf beneath, paralyzed, stunned, but not senseless.

One thought alone was in her mind.

Evan was going far away, and his future home would be within the magic fascination of that beautiful girl.

Could anything be more full of despair and anguish to the unacknowledged wife?

CHAPTER XXX.

THREE months had passed, and the De St. Hilaires had been long domesticated at their stately home, and Evan Lloyd had been a constant visitor, nay, inmate at their house, and still he had not spoken the words which would have made him and Laura engaged, as well as understood lovers.

Laura had believed, and trusted, and hoped; but when the new year's festivities were bringing thoughts of the future yet more powerfully to her mind, she began to waver a little in her generous faith.

Paul, too, in spite of his regard for Lucy's brother, and his proud care for his sister's delicacy, began to see the necessity of taking some measures to bring this state of things to an end.

One day, when Evan was staying at Chateau St. Hilaire, and was more than usually attentive to Laura, Paul questioned his sister for the first time on the subject.

The poor girl's wounded pride vented itself in natural, though most unjust, resentment at the inquiry.

"How could Paul be so unfair, as to suspect her of hiding anything from him? It was unkind, unfeeling."

Paul made no reply, but quietly ordered his horse and rode off.

Laura knew where he was gone, and with the impulsiveness of her nature she passed from a state of bright confidence to deep depression.

Evan did not love her; he had only been amusing himself with her.

Paul guessed it, and now he had gone to reproach, to compromise her proud delicacy perhaps to insist on the fulfilment of unwilling engagements.

But no, even in that wild moment, Laura could not do her brother such injustice.

She knew him too well for that.

At length Paul returned, grave and thoughtful.

Laura only questioned him with her eyes, till she saw that he did not mean to say anything of his interview, and then she could restrain herself no longer.

"Paul," she said, "have you nothing to tell me?"

Paul was deeply touched by the pleading humility of the tone.

He knelt by her side and drew her cheek close to his own.

"Be patient," said he;" in another day all this shall be settled."

"Another day," repeated Laura, "does he want time, then? Oh, Paul, what have you done?"

"What was right for his honor and ours," he replied.

"His honor?"

"Yes."

"And has it come to that, Paul?" she repeated, and hot flushes ran over her whole frame.

"Hush, Laura! be quiet," said her brother. "There is nothing to distress yourself about. He was not so frank as I could wish, but that might be from embarrassment."

"Embarrassment!" said the young girl, brightening a little, for her brother's words relieved the wild fears that had tormented her.

"Oh, no, Paul, he is never embarrassed. His self-possession is regal; nothing ever takes him unawares. It is for this I—but, there, there, don't look at me so anxiously. How foolish we both are, when, after all, nothing has happened!

"You have been to him with that darling, grave face, like a Grand Signor, and asked him questions that have roused his pride; and my Evan is very proud, and would not be forced into saying what he would only whisper to myself.

"Oh, Paul, I blush for our delicacy! It makes me shudder to think you should have spoken to him—offered, as it were, your sister on compulsion."

"No, Laura, I have not done that," said Paul. "Your delicacy, you may feel sure, was safe in your brother's hands. I have made his way clear if he loves you, that is all."

"If he loves me! O, brother, have you a a doubt of that?" said the poor girl, turning pale.

"Heaven forbid!" faltered the young man, growing more and more disturbed, as as he marked fresh proof of the depth of his sister's attachment.

"To-morrow I hope you will be satisfied that neither you nor I need have any doubt on that point. There is no reason why he should not speak out now. Before this he may possibly have hesitated on account of your fortune, sister, for he is proud—very proud."

"As he should be," said Laura; "for who is his equal?"

"But that is over now," said Paul; "I have even sacrificed a little of my reserve to save his pride. But do not look alarmed, my sister. I know how to protect your delicacy."

"Oh, if I knew how to protect my own pride," said the girl, burying her face in the cushions. "Don't trust me, Paul; with him I am plastic as wax. I have no dignity left."

The young man sighed.

He feared for that lovely enthusiast's happiness, whatever might be the result of the present.

He distrusted Evan Lloyd as its guardian, and yet she was literally bound up in him.

He turned away, grave and thoughtful, while Laura remained in a half-happy, half-desponding state of anticipation for the eventful morrow.

* * * * * * *

The dinner-gong had clanged in the old chateau on the morrow, when Laura entered the grand salon, where Paul was waiting for her.

Evan had not yet come; but as his duties sometimes detained him late, they were not surprised.

He frequently rode over late in the day, and remained all night, when he visited St. Hilaire.

Laura blushed under her brother's half-arch look, as he gazed on the perfection of the careful toilette she had made.

A dress of rose-colored silk, with rich black lace floating over her neck and arms, and a fine old pearl necklace on her throat, her rich hair merely confined by a comb set by the same precious stones, which was singularly becoming to her stately, brunette beauty.

The flush on her cheek, and the soft, timid look in her dark eyes were rare charms, which added to her loveliness, by giving it the only touch of feminine softness it needed.

Paul held out his hand.

She came to him, blushing like a damask rose.

"Am I very ugly, brother?" she said, pressing lips that glowed like ripe cherries on his forehead.

"You are by far too lovely—too good for ——"

He stopped.

Her hand was on her lips, and a tender reproach in her eyes.

"Don't say that, Paul; oh, no, not that. He is not gentle and good as you are. But who is so perfect as you are, my brother? And then, how lordly, and noble, and full of grand aspirations he is. And, Paul, he saved my life."

Still Paul looked grave.

All her charming wiles could not chase that suspicion from his heart.

Laura saw it, and the old, impatient spirit flushed her forehead.

With anyone else she would have yielded to a burst of impetuous resentment, but her idolized brother was privileged with her, though even with him she was wayward and fitful, like a lovely, generous, spoiled child.

"At any rate, he has one merit in your eyes, naughty, unjust brother," she said, with a playful smile; "he is the brother of Lucy Lloyd."

The light came to his eye, and the color to his cheek.

"Ah, Paul," she continued, "tell me, did you not almost shrink from saying what was in your heart to that dear girl, and hesitate and wait, till our sudden departure drove you to a decision?"

"You are right, Laura, he replied, with a grave smile; "I almost felt it would be a profanation to breathe it to her, so maidenlike and pure she seemed. And yet I worshipped her."

"Ah, darling Paul; then you can have some charity for him," said Laura. "Perhaps, with all his bravery, he shrinks from speaking out such feelings in language. It is like shaking the bright dew from one's violets while gathering them. Is it not so, Paul?"

The young man looked at her bright face, and his eyes filled with tender admiration.

He felt all the poetic beauty of her fancies, their truth, and yet their delicate gracefulness.

What a clear, imaginative, pure mind the girl had, with all her impetuosity, waywardness, and energy.

Surely Evan Lloyd was not the husband for so gifted, and yet dangerous a temperament.

She should have a man, noble and high-minded as herself, and yet firm, calm, and loving, to guide her aright with the silken cord of tenderness. Was Evan such a man?

Paul instinctively felt that he would by no means come up to the degree of excellence he should.

His heart misgave him, and he was glad when the old servitor, with the announcement of dinner, (which he made with as much importance and reverence as if there was a brilliant company as of old,) interrupted the conversation, and gave for the moment a new turn to the sister's thoughts.

As the dusk stole on, Laura grew impatient.

Evan's usual time for arrival passed by, and the massive gold clock that stood on the chimney-piece went on with harassing steadiness to the next hour and the next, and the next.

Paul lingered in the drawing-room, and and made some excuse for going afterwards to the library.

He knew well that it is better to be alone at such moments, free to indulge the impatience that makes the restless limbs pace up and down the room, or to gaze from the window, or to listen eagerly from the door for the step that comes not, to clasp the hands in disappointment, and draw the long, deep sigh of agony.

Yes, it is the only relief to the sick heart to be freed from the observation even of the loved and the loving.

And thus passed the long, desolate evening for Laura.

Up and down, before the long glasses, that mocked her by the multiplication of her restless form, hating the clock as a soulless thing, that cruelly measured the way to disappointment, listening with a sense painfully acute, and with bitter tears in her eyes, she wandered like a troubled spirit, and found no rest.

When hope had almost deserted her, Laura heard a quick footstep in the hall, and the shutting of the massive door.

Again every breath came like a frightened thing from her heart, the lustre of her eyes brightened through her tears, and through her whole frame ran the thrill of renewed hope.

It must be Evan.

No, the step was not his, she knew every sound of his firm, proud tread, she had listened to it too often to be deceived.

It was Paul, coming to find her there alone, heart-broken, humbled to the dust.

She could not bear that, and, with a wild sob, she burst from the room, and hid herself within the thick drapery of a couch, where she was to find only pain and unrest. No matter, so that she could hide herself from every eye, and secure the solitude and silence which would receive her sobs without mocking them.

That night her humiliation seemed complete.

* * * * * *

And where was Evan Lloyd during those wild, stormy hours of pain and agony?

In the thick forest near the Chateau St. Hilaire the young man was pacing up and down the small space that formed its centre, and which was marked by a tall cross pointing to the roads that led to the various places in the neighborhood.

His horse was tied to the foot of the cross, and champed his bit, and tossed his proud head, in sympathy with his master's impatience.

"The scoundrel dare not play me false," muttered Evan; "no, it is impossible; his own interest would prevent such rascality; and yet it is long past the hour, and my proud beauty will, ere now, be in a fever of stormy disappointment and indignation.

"Never mind; a word, a look, is enough to bring her from her pedestal; or calm the hot passion that sometimes reminds me of myself.

"Yes, it is worth something to have such a creature as that at one's feet, even if she had not such a noble dower. The eagle is better worth taming than the dove, and yet——"

He paused; the sweet image of Winifred Herbert, in her softness and purity and feminine, angelic beauty, came to rebuke him for his treason, and asserted its power over his worldly, ambitious heart.

He looked once more through the open path, which was lighted by the bright moonbeams, but no form was visible, no step audible in the dead stillness.

"The villain he exclaimed, stamping with vexation, "he shall pay for it if he ventures on any treachery; I will not be baulked in the very moment of triumph, by a low,—scum of earth like——"

"Like what?" said a voice, in hard mocking tones.

It was Hugh Evans, whose stealthy step and cautious approach had been inaudible, even to his former partner's quick senses.

"Why, man, you are like a fox or a mole to steal on like this," said Evan, half-angry, half-relieved at the man's arrival.

"No good in much noise or many words" said Hugh, "that I ever found Mr. Evan. The old proverb, 'the silent sow,' you know."

"Well, well, never mind," said Evan. "What makes you so confoundedly late? I have been waiting this hour —I had an appointment besides."

"Could not help it," said the man; "I only arrived half-an-hour since; lost the train; but, as you say never mind, better not lose time now."

"Well what's the upshot of your doings, Evans?"

"All's ready," he replied; "but till I saw you I took good care not to frighten the bird by showing the snare; but, nevertheless, 'tis laid."

"And suppose it breaks?" said Evan.

"I'll mend it pretty soon with another, never fear," said Hugh.

"All very well in talk, Evans; but I don't intend to pay for what may never be accomplished. Hark ye, man, I am quite ready. This very day I have learnt the amount of fortune, and the certainty of my acceptance. The money is more by one-half than I expected, the brother more eager than I could have believed. So all is right on my side."

"Except the trifling obstacle that I am to remove," said Hugh sneeringly.

"Exactly," said Evan; "and I can't see that it is so very certain as to warrant my further going, or giving you the reward, as letter seemed to imply."

"You are wrong," said Hugh. "Listen!"

The man spoke for some minutes in a low rapid tone, as if the very trees, or the noble animal which stood sniffing and snorting in the air, could comprehend and retail the words he uttered.

Evan started once or twice, with a sort of loathing shudder, as if the recital was revolting even to his hard nature.

"Evans you are a very devil " he said at last.

"I almost repent what I have done. Poor girl! poor Winifred!"

"You dare to say that," said Evans, calmly and scoffingly.

"It certainly comes well from you. Listen to me young man,

"You are sinning to get rid of the girl you chose and professed to love,—sinning for pride and ambition.

"I sin for love—ay, such love as you do not know—the love of a hard, deep heart, that never knew such weakness before. I tell you, I have loved Winifred Herbert since I first saw her. I have planned, striven, sinned to win her. She is as dear to me as the air I breathe, the life I enjoy dearer than myself, than my very soul.

"How dare you compare your sordid views to mine and pretend to pity the creature you dare to discard, when she is all too lovely, too angelic for your cold earthly nature to comprehend?"

Evan had stood literally petrified, stunned by this outburst from the man whom he had ever scorned as a base, calculating sordid, groping mechanic, incapable even of imagining, certainly of feeling, any high or generous sentiment or affection. A strange jealousy of that despised, plain, humbly-placed individual seized him.

It might have been a warning that he still loved the gentle Winifred, or he could surely not have felt so annoyed that another should profess devotion to her.

Oddly enough he had been content that she should be the wife of the overlooker, so long as he considered it a mere bargain; but the moment he heard the avowal of that man's deep passion for her, a keen pang of jealous uneasiness seized him.

He hated the thought of the delicate, fragile girl being the property of the coarse, harsh

Evans, subject to his temper, forced to endure the demonstrations of his love.

"This is all very fine," he said, sharply; "but we do not need any grand sentiment just now, nor am I particularly interested in Mr. Hugh Evans' love passages. The point is simply how to ensure the accomplishment of any plans and your fair dealing with me, and that I am determined to do."

"I have offered you the terms," said Hugh, who was quickly his quiet cold self once more, "it is for you to ratify it. Half now, before I leave for France half when Winifred Herbert shall be my wife."

"Well," said Evan, "by to-morrow I shall have completed my arrangements; the day after I will meet you here with a blank check; and if, on reflection I am satisfied that all is satisfactory, I will fill it up for a certain date. But, mind you it can be stopped, if by that date you do not write me word that the preliminary steps have been taken. Do you understand?"

"I do," replied Hugh.

"Then our business is ended," said; Evan; "to-morrow evening at nine, meet me here again; and, mind, no delay, or you may chance to miss your check."

"And you your rich bride, if not your life," muttered the man, as Evan hastily mounted his horse and rode off with a nod of haughty farewell.

As Hugh walked towards the edge of the forest, the moon became overcast, and dark clouds gathered thickly on the wintry starlight sky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES"
"A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING
AND REAPING," "PEGGY,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE deserves a little punishment for trying to deceive me," he chuckled; and then bent forward, and the big, warm, white-gloved hand closed on the small chill fingers with a protecting clasp that seemed to raise Cristine from the depths of despair to a very pinnacle of rapture, even before he bent his sleek black head till the glossy moustache swept her soft cheek, and whispered in her ear, "Cristine will you marry me?"

Actually the pale face bore a rosy tinge. Actually the large bright eyes were dim with tears, and the thin curved lips trembled, as the girl whispered her fervent low-toned "Yes!"

Despair had been so bitter the change to hope fulfilled was overpoweringly sweet.

For the moment she felt quite sentimental about this broad-shouldered over-confident lover of hers, who could make life so wonderfully smooth and pleasant to her—felt inclined to confound the man and his possessions, and imagine herself as honestly fond of Israel Benjuda himself as she was of all the good things he could assure her with one stroke of his pen.

The look of the tear-wet eyes was so genuinely tender and grateful that it thrilled the Baron's battered old heart in the oddest fashion.

He had counted on acceptance; it was too absurd to suppose that a fortune such as his would be laid at the feet of a penniless girl in vain.

But affection was quite another thing.

As a shrewd business-man, he had by no means counted on that.

Moreover, he had not hitherto believed that there was much feminine softness in Cristine Singleton's nature.

The exterior chill that charmed him seemed but a symbol of the frozen calm within.

But now—now all his theories were pleasantly upset, and he was conscious, half amusedly, that a responsive tenderness lighted his own eyes and trembled in his own voice.

"Why you foolish child," he said, laughing and drawing a little nearer with a proud proprietorial air that was like the seal of their betrothal, "you did not surely think I should draw back for that?"

He pointed with a contemptuous gesture to the stage on which Mrs. Bruce's gaze was still riveted; for was not Vance still the central figure of the scene?

Cristine laughed. The question was hardly a delicate one perhaps; but she was not by any means sensitive, and she was delightfully sure of her ground now.

"I thought perhaps you might not like it," she said with a demure droop of the white eyelids; "and that fear made me ——"

"Fib about it!" he finished, with an easy laugh.

"Don't do that again. I do not care a fig for your relatives, their occupations, tastes, and so on—my wife can hold her own against the world—but I do care that you should be quite fair and above-board with me."

It was not at all the sort of speech Cristine had expected; and, while it calmed her fears in one direction, it roused them unpleasantly in another.

The Baron was prepared to forgive anything unpleasant in her connections, but not apparently any delinquency of her own.

Recalling a page or two of her past history, she felt anything but comfortable as she smiled sweetly into her lover's face and murmured a smooth assent to his proposition.

The shadowy and sin-stained spectre of her step-sister would not affright this most practical of men; but her own published treachery to the dead girl might—nay, would—revolt him—she was sure of that.

While she sat biting her lips and chewing the cud of very bitter reflections, the Baron coolly turned his attention to the stage.

For fully five minutes he kept his glasses at the unconscious Vance; and, when he dropped them, it was to turn to Mrs. Bruce with his most beaming smile.

"My dear lady I congratulate you on your son's *debut*, and venture to predict for him a most distinguished success."

Mrs. Bruce opened her eyes widely.

Was the man joking with her? she wondered.

Ever since she had made her impulsive revelation she had sat in mortal fear of Cristine, not daring to look in her daughter's direction, and trembling to think of the punishment that awaited her when they two should be alone.

But the Baron evidently took the matter with pleasant lightness, perhaps because he had given up all serious thought of Cristine.

With this fear, and the remembrance of all the foolish expenditure into which she had been dragged, quickening the pulses, the poor lady looked wistfully into her neighbor's face, and read there something that gave her a little hope.

"Congratulate!" she said a little dubiously. "Yes the people seem to like him do they not? But you, do you not think it rather—low?"

The last word dropped in an affrighted whisper, too faint to reach Cristine's ears, even had she not been absorbed in her own thoughts.

"Low!"

The Baron shrugged his shoulders with something of Gallic grace.

"My dear lady, you are behind the age. To go upon the stage is now the most chic thing in the world.

"It is far more popular than the Army or either of the learned professions, from both of which its ranks are daily recruited.

"Our handsome young friend here, if he only goes on as he has begun, will in a few weeks be the idol of London society, the most sought-after man of this day."

The mother's heart swelled with pride as she drank in every little oration that the Baron delivered in his easy and assured fashion.

"I hope Cristine hears," she thought with an anxious look at her unmoved daughter.

"She was always so unjust to Vance, my clever handsome boy!"

When the curtain fell at the end of the first act the Baron announced his intention of going behind the scenes for a little while.

Cristine looked up with sudden terror, but said never a word.

"Shall I tell your son that you are here, or leave him to make the discovery?" he asked at the door—and the words gave Cristine a gleam of hope.

"Oh let him find us out!" she cried, with suspicious eagerness; while Mrs. Bruce, for whom the theatre held but the one performer, said with some surprise—

"But will they let you in? You do not know Vance."

"Yes, they will let me in.

"The author of the drama is my very good friend, and may perhaps be persuaded to introduce me to Mr. Sidney Vansittart, whom later I should know as your son Vance. *Au revoir!*"

As the door closed upon the large imposing presence, Mrs. Bruce leaned back in her chair and fanned herself complacently, feeling that all things were tending to a pleasant end, and that she was a very skillful strategist.

"Now, Cristine do you think your brother will disgrace you?"

"Yes," was the sullen and unexpected answer that shattered Mrs. Bruce's hopes of peace and pleasantness, and filled her with new vague fears.

"You are talking nonsense and you know it," she said crossly, though all the while her heart fluttered uneasily beneath the well-brushed velvet and well-darned lace with which she had adorned herself.

"You must have heard the Baron's praise of Vance and the splendid future he prophesied for him.

"If after that, he does not ask you to marry him, it will not be Vance who has come between you; it will be——"

"Spare yourself the trouble of inventing reasons," Cristine interrupted, with cold scorn. "Baron Benjuda has asked me to-night."

"Cristine," the mother cried, in tones of joyous incredulity, "my dear, dear child, fortune is too good to me to-night!"

"So you thought once before mother."

"When?" Mrs. Bruce said, with a happy smile.

"When Nora was engaged to Lord de Gretton."

The color died slowly out of Mrs. Bruce's face—a naturally florid face, in which the pallor was ghastly.

She looked round her with wide frightened eyes, and said, in a hoarse whisper—

"Why do you talk of that awful time now?"

Cristine met the startled glance with a cold and cruel smile.

"Because it has all come back to me tonight with the sight of Vance; he has never forgiven me Nora's death—he never will. And he will avenge her now by preventing this marriage!"

There was a dull assured conviction in Cristine's tone which decidedly frightened Mrs. Bruce; but she answered quickly—

"What nonsense! Cristine you have never done your brother justice; you wrong him shamefully now.

"Nora's troubles, poor mad unhappy child, are all done with and forgotten; and, if you did act a—a little unadvisedly in her affairs, he has no special right to resent it."

"He arrogates the right," Cristine said bitterly; "he always cared more for Nora than for me—perhaps that was why I hated her so fiercely.

"He will sacrifice me to her memory now."

"But how can he child?"

"How can he? Oh, the task will be very easy!

"Listen, mother. Israel Benjuda cares for me and me only.

"Nothing in my position or surroundings will alienate his regard—I have his word for that.

"But in me he will have neither speck nor blemish.

"I must be exactly what he thinks me, or I shall not be his wife."

"Well?" Mrs. Bruce interjected, as Cristine paused with glittering eyes and sharply indrawn breath.

"Well, Vance will refuse to speak to me, as he has refused to open my letters.

"The Baron, naturally curious as to the cause of our quarrel, will question and investigate; and then—— You may guess the rest," she finished, with a short bitter laugh.

Mrs. Bruce both looked and felt thoroughly dismayed, and at a loss for consolation.

Her children had always been impracticable; and altogether beyond her guidance.

It was quite possible that Vance, urged on by the burning indignation he had shown at the time of Nora's death, might now take vengeance on Cristine; but in her heart of hearts she did not think it probable.

With all his faults, her scapegrace son had always been loving and soft-hearted.

Surely she, his mother, whom in all his wandering and alienation he had never forgotten, could move him still!

"Your fears are far-fetched and improbable," she said hurriedly, for the *entr'acte* music was drawing to a close, and she knew Benjuda would soon be back; "but we will take care to give them no solid foundation in fact. You know how how easy it is to talk your brother over; trust me for the rest."

Cristine shook her fair head despondently.

Perhaps some faint stirring of conscience reminded her how thoroughly she deserved her punishment, and forbade her to hope for escape; still there was something in her mother's words.

The cloud on the white brow grew a shade lighter, the lips were less cruelly compressed, and when, a little later, her lover returned, very flushed and self-complacent and smiling, very apologetic too for the length of an absence that had seemed to her extremely short, she was able to smile up into his face, and chide him with prettily tranquil grace for his desertion of their box.

"There was metal more attractive on the other side of the footlights, no doubt," she said, with a demure droop of the white lids.

"The young lady in the canary-colored gown is an exceedingly pretty person, and ——"

"And a very charming person also," agreed the Baron gaily, as he drew up his seat between the two women and prepared for further enjoyment.

"She is an old friend of mine too; and we had naturally a few remarks to exchange.

"But it was not Miss Lovinge who detained me."

"It was Vance?" Mrs. Bruce asked eagerly; and again Benjuda shook his sleek black head, amused by their evident curiosity.

"Not altogether Vance, though I saw, spoke with, and congratulated him. By-the-way, he is a very fine young fellow, Mrs. Bruce; he and I will be capital friends.

"I know the coming man when I see him and generally manage to make his acquaintance too," he added, with his genial little chuckle of admiration for his own cleverness.

"But, if Vance did not detain you, who did?" Cristine asked, bringing him back to the point with languidly persistent curiosity.

It really mattered nothing to her, but she was conscious of an odd desired to know.

"A lady," said Benjuda gravely—"a lady though not the one in the canary-colored gown—an old friend of mine, and a very handsome woman, though a little past her first youth.

"You may have met her perhaps, for she travels about a good deal—Lady Olivia Blake."

CHAPTER XIX.

MY dear Arthur, your eyes are heavy, your face is pale—that means another bad night.

"You must see Sir James to-day."

"Indeed I must not," Arthur Beaupre answered, looking up into his mother's anxious face with a haggardly affectionate smile, as he suffered her to arrange his comfortable chair and hover round him in her tender mother-fashion.

"I am off the sick-list, mother, and want nothing but a little fresh air now."

"But your wound has been troubling you again, dear!"

Arthur nodded a little abstractedly.

The old wound that ached and throbbed so sorely through the long watches of a sleepless night had been not the fanatic's knife-thrust for which he was invalided home, but that crueller stab which Mrs. Beaupre fondly hoped he had forgotten.

Forgotten!

There was no hour of his life in which that spectral memory ceased to haunt and torture the young man's faithful thoughts.

But he was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve, or force others to share the gloom of his great sorrow, and he played his part so bravely that, allowing for the lassitude of physical weakness, even his mother thought him little changed, and began to nourish faint hopes that love and hope would bloom again in the cruelly darkened life.

"There is his cousin Claire Fontayne," she would think.

"The child is good as gold, and waits on him like a sister—an heiress too, and—oh, if my poor boy would only forget and give his heart to little Claire, he might be happy even yet!"

With an innocent diplomacy, she contrived that Miss Fontayne should be much with her in these "convalescent" days—and in one way at least her efforts were crowned with success.

The shy romantic little girl was very much disposed to idealise and worship her handsome cousin, who, in the character of wounded hero, was naturally doubly attractive.

But Arthur's manner from first to last was simply and frankly kind.

Mrs. Beaupre could not flatter herself that his heart was touched.

But her faith was large in time and the magic influences of companionship, and she hoped on gallantly still.

But she was not thinking of her project as she watched her son's worn face.

"Your own prescription is best, dear," she said cordially.

"Fresh air shall be your only doctor. We will go for a long drive."

"And deprive Claire of the Albert Hall concert, after your promise to chaperon her?" Arthur asked, with a very faint smile.

"She will be in despair if dear aunt Beaupre abandons her."

"Dear aunt Beaupre's" face was a study of contending feelings.

"I had forgotten Claire," she admitted vexedly; "but do not mind that, Arthur. The child can go some other time.

"She is a dear unselfish little thing, and will be only too delighted to renounce a pleasure for you."

"The more reason that we should not suffer her to do it," Arthur said very decidedly.

There was a half-sorrowful, half-angry recognition of his mother's project in the young man's thought.

Did she think, because Nora's name never passed his lips, that the dead girl was forgotten?

Did she think that the heart in which his unhappy love was shrined would ever open to another tenant?

"No, we will not disappoint little Claire," he said, with returning brightness.

"And you shall have your way too, mother.

"You can drop me at Kensington Gardens; the day is exquisitely fine, you most prudent of nurses, and, while you listen to the sweet music, I can sit under the trees."

Mrs. Beaupre would have preferred that she and Claire should sit with him.

But on this point Arthur was firm, and, with visible reluctance and a faint protest against the loneliness to which it would condemn him, his mother accepted this arrangement at last.

The loneliness!

Arthur felt that it would be basest ingratitude to complain of the untiring energy with which his mother strove to rouse and interest him.

He must be talked to, must be amused; since he could no longer forget his troubles in manly work, he must drown them in childish play.

Above all, he must never be alone and he must never think.

The kindest of prescriptions and the cruellest!

His thoughts she could not fetter; they hovered ever and always round the one torturing memory.

But, oh, how wildly and persistently he craved at times be alone!

Well, fate would favor him for once!

Mrs. Beaupre, handsome and stately as she always looked in her rich matronly attire, and the slim pretty little girl who merged comfortably in her ample shadow, only peeping from time to time from under the falling lace of her pink-lined parasol to see that Arthur was comfortable, and to answer his rather forced civilities with a shy little schoolgirl phrase, duly deposited him in the grand tree-shadows of the long walk and, with many anxious backward look and caution against catching cold, left him at last.

The day was fine and warm.

The sun lay like a golden glory on the tall tree-tops, and fell in long tremulous lines across the velvet smoothness of the turf.

Arthur Beaupre leaned back against the rugged stem of the old tree that shadowed him, and abandoned himself to a very luxury of quiet thought.

It was a moment in which he expected all the aching memories of the past to rise before him like living things, sure that they need not to be crushed back upon themselves, or masked behind a smile.

But, somehow, what he expected did not come to pass.

Perhaps the influence of the air and sunshine, the quiet beauty of the grand old garden, deserted on this bright autumnal day by all but a few nursemaids and children, lulled his weakened senses to forgetfulness.

Whatever the cause, he grew less and less conscious of past anguish and present pain, and sat in a serenly placid, half enjoying frame of mind, watching the busy nursemaids and their attendant soldiers, listening to the shrill sweet laughter of the children and the soft whisper of the wind among the trees, until his thoughts grew still vaguer and more hazy, and at last he fell asleep.

That sleep lasted perhaps half an hour.

He woke with a chilled uncomfortable feeling, and the sound of a child's pitying whisper in his ear.

"Oh, poor man, how ill he looks, whiter and thinner than I am, and his arm in a sling! Oh, Nora, do look!"

The last cry, the appeal to Nora, fell on the sick man's ears with the force of an electric shock, sending the blood flying madly through his veins, though he scorned himself even then for the wild folly.

Were there not fifty thousand Noras in the world, and was not his Nora dead?

He opened his eyes.

A little lame girl, with a pale pinched face and fair hair falling over painfully rounded shoulders, was watching him with eyes of pitying wonder.

At a little distance, holding the rail of an iron chair, as though for support in some sudden weakness, was a tall slender woman dressed in deep black, with a crape veil drawn across her face.

Something in the pose of the graceful form and small stately head brought back that maddest fancy to Arthur Beaupre's mind.

He brushed his hand across his eyes; they had grown dim and misty.

The sunlight fell upon the down-bent head and soft rings of snow-white hair beneath a black bonnet.

The thought was even madder than he fancied.

In spite of the lithe slender form and stately carriage, it was not even a young woman who stood before him.

"I thought you were asleep," the child said shyly; but she still lingered, in spite of what the young man fancied was an entreating gesture on her companion's part.

He thought also—but his gaze was dazzled and uncertain—that some strange emotion caused that companion to tremble from head to foot.

"I think your mamma is ill," he said hesitatingly; and his voice sounded hoarse broken, oddly unlike his own.

It seemed to alarm the child.

She drew back a step or two, eyeing him with wild-eyed wonder.

"My mamma is not here. Oh, you mean Nora!

"She is never ill; I am always. My back is bad, and my head aches dreadfully; but Nora——"

As she turned with some contempt to illustrate her remark, she too seemed struck by something strange in Nora's attitude and persistent silence.

The egotistical little speech died away in a faint murmured sound.

She moved with slow dragging step, back to her companion's side.

"Are you ill, Nora?" she asked curiously laying one hand on the slim black arm, and trying to peer into the shrouded face.

"I would rather go out with Nettie than with you.

"Nettie is never tired and never cross."

She spoke in an aggrieved petulant tone.

The woman did not seem to heed her.

She clasped the small hand, and led the girl away, with rapid and uncertain step, from the bewildered man.

It all passed so quickly that he had no time to disentangle his thoughts, to dream of speech or action.

But, as he saw the woman who was Nora, and not the ghost of his dead love, who was gray-haired and old, and yet moved with the free quick step of early youth—as he saw her passing from him without one word, one backward look, all the keen anguish of his troubled thoughts found vent in a brief bitter cry.

It reched her.

It reached her and brought her back.

She paused, cast one startled glance over her shoulder, and then—Arthur could never tell how it all happened—just as the dark waters seemed closing over his head, she was kneeling at his feet, clasping his cold hands with her warm loving fingers, looking into his face with her dark, loving, passionate eyes, calling him with her own tender voice to live and look on her, and not to break her heart.

Yes, it was Nora—Nora in living flesh-and-blood reality—changed, oh, so changed from the Nora of the old days—changed even from the wild-eyed maddened Nora he had left upon her wedding-day—a new Nora, with eyes that were ineffably sad through all their glad tender light of recognition, with a pale spiritual face that, crowned with such untimely snow, looked like the face of a virgin-martyr, pure and fair and sweet!

The shrouding veil thrown back, the eager eyes upraised, the soft hands clasping his—so Arthur Beaupre's lost love came back to him that day, not in a dream or vision, but in reality and truth.

And so for a little while they clung together, forgetting all things in the blessed sense of reunion.

Death might have found them in that moment, and found them both content.

But presently, like ice falling on fire, memory and fear awoke—fear for her.

If not dead, if not in that one safe spot that earth could offer her as a refuge, then Nora was in cruel peril still.

The man drew away from her with sudden terror, looking round with wild haggard eyes.

All the weary weeks and days that had worn themselves away so drearily, so slowly, became as nothing in a moment—Lord de Gretton's murder was a thing of yesterday, and Nora a hunted fugitive still.

"Your veil—some one will see you!" he cried harshly, though indeed there was no one in sight.

"Nora, do not stay a moment here!"

She rose in an instant, and the pale lovely face contracted as in a spasm of sharpest agony.

She just glanced at the child, who had seated herself on the grass at a little distance, and was apparently taking no heed of her, then said, in the sweet low voice he had thought hushed for ever—

"There is no danger. You forget that I am dead!"

Arthur shuddered at the words spoken with such sorrowful firmness.

Did not this calm acceptance of a living death mean as calm a confession of that crime of which it maddened him to think—which, looking into the pure proud face, it seemed so impossible to connect with her.

"Dead? You are not dead!" he cried, speaking with savage roughness, born of his cruel pain.

"Oh, Nora, I almost wish you were, rather than living thus!"

"Why?"

She winced a little, and grew a shade whiter.

But in her wide clear eyes there was no trace of shame, only a hopeless half-indignant pain.

Somehow that look dazzled and thrilled the haggard watcher with the sweetest hope.

Was it possible?

Yes, since Nora lived, all things were possible!

Was it true that he had foully wronged the girl he loved so dearly?

"Arthur"—the sweet clear voice was infinitely sad—"is life even harder and more bitter than I thought it?

"Have you too"—she paused a second, drawing a long painful breath—"condemned me?"

The accusation of her voice was the sweetest music it had ever made for Arthur the anger of her eyes more welcome and precious than any look of love.

Both seemed to give him new life and strength, and yet to sting him with remorseful pain.

He forgot his weakness, and rose quickly to his feet, clasping the small cold hands with convulsive force, and saying, with broken fervor—

"Only tell me, Nora, that I was wrong, and I will doubt myself, my own eyes and ears, the whole world, everything but you!"

She drew away her hand, and stood before him in perfect silence, but silence that struck him to the heart.

Somehow the position had reversed themselves; she was the judge and he the trembling criminal.

"Was there not one person to believe in me?

"Did all the world think me guilty?"

The cry broke almost unconsciously from the pale lips.

Arthur saw the old lost look—the look of utter desperation and abandonment—shadowing her face once more.

Yet he could not speak the words that burned upon his lips, for at that moment the solitude was broken in upon by a little group of passers-by.

He could only draw her down upon the bench, and jealously try to screen her from observation.

It was an odd irony of fate that posed them thus in this easy lover-like attitude, while the girl's heart was hot with indignant pain, and his throbbed with late and wild remorse.

As the strangers passed, she would have risen.

He kept her prisoner still, and whispered with an eager passion that gave him strange and sudden strength—

"No, you shall hear me, Nora! Was it strange?

"You were mad—a trapped and helpless creature, with hopeless misery in your heart and a wild fever in your brain. If fate had placed a weapon in your hands at such a moment——"

"I might have used it," she finished, with a convulsive shudder.

"But, Arthur, as Heaven hears me, I did not; I am as innocent of Lord de Gretton's murder as that child — as you!"

Oh, blessed fulness of conviction that rushed upon the tortured man with that clear unfaltering speech!

Oh, blessed lifting of the load that had well-nigh crushed him to the earth!

He could not speak or move, he could not see the dear proud face for tears that blinded him—he could only lower his face upon his hands and utter all his gratitude and praise in one great voiceless sob.

"I cannot prove it, Arthur. All the past is one dark dreadful dream. I only know that I am innocent."

"And I will prove it!" Arthur Beaupre cried proudly; but she shrank back with a little cry—

"Oh, Arthur, I am dead!"

Before he could break in with an eager protest, they heard a sudden cry, and, looking up, saw Vance Singleton coming towards them with a look of blankest dismay.

He did not recognise Arthur at first—it was long since they had met, and time and sorrow and climatic influences had changed the young soldier much—the sight of Nora in conversation with any one made him uneasy.

"Vance, have you forgotten Arthur Beaupre?" Nora said gently; and then he held out his hand in frank welcome, though though there was only an added consternation in his look, and muttered blankly—

"Mother, Cristine, and you! By George, things are coming to a crisis now!"

"So much the better," Arthur said firmly and proudly; "they could not, and they should not, stay as they are for ever!"

Vance twisted his long moustache with what, in any other circumstances, would have been a look of serio-comic dismay.

"No, no, of course not. The difficulty is, what would you do?"

"Find out the real murderer," Captain Beaupre said grimly—so grimly that Vance looked round, as though dreading the echo of his words.

Nora sat with clasped hands, eagerly listening.

Her face was quite calm and composed now, but in the great sad eyes there was the faint dawn of hope and joy.

"A terrible task, I fear," Vance said nervously—"a cruel trial to Nora's nerves at the best.

"And—oh, you must come to us and talk it over! I cannot keep her here."

His own nerves were so evidently shaken that he dared try them no longer.

Moreover, Arthur remembered that it was time for the appearance of Mrs. Beaupre and Miss Fontayne, so he made no effort to detain them; and the three were soon out of sight.

But, oh, what a changed world was this on which he looked with happy misty eyes—no more a world that had crushed and overwhelmed, but a world he would yet convince and conquer—for was not Nora living and innocent?

* * * * * * * *

Two great facts haunted Cristine Singleton's thought all through the long sleepless night that followed Benjuda's proposal.

She was engaged to the richest man she knew, happiness, as she understood it, was at last within her grasp, and, in the very moment that made her safe, Vance had returned to lay her hopes in the dust and fill her with vague uncertainty and dread.

That her brother never had forgiven—never would forgive—her treachery to Nora she knew; far easier would it have been to win pardon from the dead girl than from the man who had so bitterly resented her wrongs.

Even Mrs. Bruce did not know how wide the breach between her children was, for she had not seen the brief savage epistle in which, on the eve of quitting England, Vance had bidden his sister an eternal farewell.

"I will not reproach you; but I will not speak to you again.

"The stain of blood may be on Nora's hands, but it is on your soul, and you will always be the murderess in my thoughts.

"Some day even her punishment will find you out and reach you."

She shuddered as she recalled the wild words that had hardly touched her at the time.

The punishment seemed near at hand now, and it would be crushing if it took the shape she feared.

"I will not survive such a defeat," she said, looking, as she set her small white teeth together, very weird and wan in the gray morning light, very unlike the fair lily queen of the Baron's fancy.

"I will never wither away in the dull country life that mother looks forward to so quietly.

"I a poor desolate old maid? No, I will die first; this is my last chance!

"Vance must listen if I tell him this. If I marry Baron Benjuda, I will be a good woman; it is so easy for the rich to be good.

"If—if anything prevents the marriage——"

Cristine's face was very pale, her eyes had a resolute light.

In her heart she was making an impious bargain with the Heaven she had offended, and not with the brother whose forgiveness she almost despaired of winning.

And yet, reckless as she was, there was something of truth and something of pathos in her resolve.

She did mean to be "good," if only she might be so on her own terms.

She was weary of the wickedness that had paid her so ill.

The old passionate jealousy of Nora had necessarily died out for lack of fuel, the love for Arthur Beaupre, the one genuine emotion of her life, was as dead.

A wall had grown up between the old life and the new, she felt it hard that the Cristine of these days, who wished ill to no one and only well to her mother and herself, should be confounded with the fierce revengeful creature who had wrought such mischief in the days that were dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

Finger-Marks.—A piano-maker gives the following directions for removing finger-marks from and restoring lustre to highly-polished but much-defaced furniture Wash off the finger-marks with a cloth, or —better—a chamois skin, wet with cold water, then rub the surface with sweet-oil mixed with half its quantity of turpentine. A liberal rubbing of this mixture will prove effective.

Electric Balloon.—A balloon with an electric propeller, consisting of the balloon proper, the gas generator and the electric-motive generator driven by a battery of twenty-four bichromate cells, has been the subject of a series of experiments in France. At a recent trial trip the electric apparatus allowed of four speeds of the propeller, from 60 to 180 turns per minute, and the aeronauts proved that they could outspeed and breast the wind as well as steer the balloon in it.

Cheap Paint.—A contemporary gives the following recipe for cheap paint: Three hundred parts washed and sifted white sand, forty parts of precipitated chalk, fifty parts of resin, and four parts of linseed-oil are mixed and boiled in an iron kettle, and then one part of oxide of copper and one part of sulphuric acid are added. This mass is applied with an ordinary paint-brush while warm. If it is too thick, it is diluted with linseed-oil. This paint dries very rapidly, and gets very hard, but protects woodwork excellently.

Hanging Without Pain.—An Englishman has invented a machine for hanging a man "without pain." The rope is passed, double, through a brass clamp, forming a loop; attached to the clamp is a brass crescent, measuring nine inches from tip to tip and projecting three inches from the rope. This crescent is so adjusted as to rest on the shoulders of the condemned, and when the trap is sprung it presses the head to one side while the rope jerks it in the opposite direction, with the result of snapping the spinal column and causing instant death.

Rainbow Colors.—Rainbow colors are produced on brass ornaments, such as clasps, buttons, and buckles, by stringing them on a copper wire, dipping them in a bath of plumbate of soda freshly prepared by boiling litharge in caustic-soda and pouring it into a porcelain dish. A linen bag of finely-pulverized litharge or hydrated oxide of lead is suspended in the solution, so as to keep up the original strength of the solution. While the articles are in this solution they are touched one after another with a platinum wire connected with the positive pole of a battery until the desired color appears. The galvanic current employed must not be too strong.

Farm and Garden.

Poultry.—Hens that are compelled to roost in the tree tops at this season of the year have no chance to lay eggs, as they will require all the food they possibly can procure to prevent freezing. No class of fowls should be allowed to roost outside, for good, warm quarters lessens the quantity of food required, promotes health and increases the profitableness of the flock.

Damp Cellars.—Some one who has tried says it is a good plan to burn sulphur in cellars where milk is kept, especially if they are damp. The sulphurous acid evolved destroys the mildew, which, if not checked, will injure the flavor of cream and butter. In many damp cellars the mildew wastes the cream so that the butter product seriously decreases, besides the injury to quality.

Evaporation.—Experiments with bystmeters (boxes for measuring evaporation) furnish proof that the quantity of water evaporated by the leaves of plants, which pump it up from their roots, is very great. The reason why dormant plants require less watering than rapidly-growing ones is therefore well known, and the error of allowing weeds to grow to shape the soil, as some cultivators have mistakenly recommended, is equally obvious.

Dog Law.—The Indiana dog law has some points worthy of imitation in other states. Among other things it enacts that when a man has sheep killed by dogs, he must report the loss to the township trustees within ten days, and any person making a false statement of the amount of damage done, may be fined $100 and imprisoned in the county jail thirty days. An assessor who fails to list any dog is liable to a fine of $5 for each case, and any one making a false statement of the number of dogs he keeps may be fined $100. A dog caught killing sheep may be killed at once.

The Present.—There is quite an amount of labor to be performed in early spring that may be facilitated by performing a portion of the work now. Poles for the lima beans may be cut, as well as brush and sticks for the peas. Getting the frames and sashes ready for the hotbeds, as well as turning over and working up the manure, will give occupation to many. One of the best methods of utilizing labor at this season is to keep the fodder-cutter at work. If possible, let as much feed as possible be finely cut and put away for use as required, omitting nothing, for cornfodder and straw will be thereby increased in feeding value.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 12, 1884.

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TIME'S VALUE.

When it is fairly considered how much we may do in a little time, and how much more we may do in the great length of time of a moderate life allowed to many of us, it would be a useful study to endeavor to attain some knowledge of what may be called the art of occupation—that is to say, the art of apportioning our time to the greatest advantage; not merely that profit which is wealth, but the more valuable advantage which yields self-satisfaction, and the reasonable hope that never fails to attend on the man who has endeavored to do the best he could in the station in which he is placed.

Time, which is said to fleet away so fast, frequently stops, as it were, to conduct us to virtue and reason. The spendthrift has time before him to enable him to redeem the past; the foolish man has time to get wiser; and the wicked man has enough of it left to give him time to repent.

Yet, so perverse is the humor of man, and so adverse is he to his happiness, that he will not believe that he has time, and, therefore, like a distressed and harassed merchant, lets all his affairs go at once to ruin. Time is, nevertheless, an excellent counsellor, the servant and the friend of virtuous industry.

It may be said, that such are the accidents, the delays, and the cross purposes to which we are every day liable, that nothing can be more absurd than to endeavor to establish any certain system for the appointment of our time.

It is, nevertheless, as true, if a man who may be placed at the point A should be desirous to go along a given line to the point G, that he may never be able, from interruptions, to reach the point G; but it will be too much to say that he may not reach the points D, or E, or F in the scale, and which will certainly bring him nearer to the point G than if he had never made a move at all.

It is true, that a deviation from the cause lain down by the wise man should vibrate as little from the true one, as the unhappy variation caused by human infirmities, resembling that of a mariner's needle, will permit; like that, too, it should be allowed for by the candid and the humane; nor, indeed, can we tell when the heavy swells of misfortune or the strong currents of adversity drive the bark, how soon, with the best of us, the reckoning may be lost. One comfort is, that these storms do not last; that there is a harbor to which, by lowering the rope-sails of our pride and vanity, we may run into even under bare poles, and bring up in safety. It is true that this harbor has not a very hospitable shore, but it is land-locked, and the vessel may lie there in safety until the wind may become lulled or fair.

SANCTUM CHAT.

In Glasgow, Scotland, the system of charging a penny a mile for street-car fares is said to have proved entirely satisfactory to both the companies and the public.

—

A New York reporter has discovered that the broken food, of which the street-beggars sometimes collect great basketfuls, is given to the low saloons for the free-lunch tables in exchange for liquor.

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It has taken till now to get a complete account of the expenses of the Franco-Prussian war. The share of France in that disastrous war was over $1,700,000,000, or at the rate of $10,000,000 a day.

—

A Chicago dry goods merchant has introduced a lunch counter as an attraction for ladies, each customer to the extent of a dollar's worth or more being given a ticket good for oyster-soup, coffee and cake. The manager says it is a success.

—

One of the number in a neighboring city says that it is no uncommon thing for furriers to "rent out" sealskin sacques to ladies by the day, week, or season, for prices raging from $1 to $50, according to the quality of the garment and the length of time it is desired.

—

One of the novelties in London is the literary bracelet. It is made of twelve tiny books (silver or gold), attached to each other by a double chain. Each little book bears the enameled name of a favorite poet or novelist. There are also musical bracelets of the same model, only they, of course, have the names of either operas or composers.

—

For several years past the Swedish Government has employed an entomologist to assist the farmers in distinguishing and destroying insects that prove hurtful to the crops. The demand for his services has been so very great, and the work he has done has been so useful, that the office of Government Entomologist is to be made a permanent one.

—

Milan and Turin are distinguished by their excellent schools, with gymnasiums attached, for deformed children. The exercises require careful adjustment to the different cases; but the system is found very successful. In one school, out of 252 patients received during the year, 44 were entirely cured, 15 left partially cured, and most of the remainder were reported as being in a fair way to be cured.

—

Dr. Richards, of England, has been administering brandy to habitual drunkards, moderate drinkers, and habitual abstainers, in order to test the effect of alcohol in heightening or lowering the temperature of the body. To make an habitual drunkard "dead drunk," twelve ounces of brandy in one dose were found sufficient; and so hardened was the confirmed inebriate to the effect of spirits that no reduction of his temperature was caused.

—

Some useful applications have lately been made, in England, of luminous paint where it is desirable to render objects visible in the dark, such as life and mooring buoys, numbers of vessels, dangerous rocks and headlands, a large rock having recently been painted. Perhaps the most striking application is the painting of the mariner's compass on board ship, by which means it is rendered clearly visible, and the course can be clearly kept should the lamp become extinguished.

—

A writer in a London paper ridicules the habit of being in great haste and terribly pressed for time which is common among all classes of commercial men, and argues that, in most cases, there is not the least cause for it, and that it is done to convey a notion of the tremendous volume of business which almost overwhelms the house. The writer further says that, when developed into a confirmed habit, it is fertile in provoking nervous maladies.

—

New York charity is about as great a humbug as New York society, writes a correspondent of a Western paper. If Mrs. A. gives $100 to some association apart from the one which she stands sponsor for, Mrs. V. will do likewise, provided her name is printed alongside of Mrs. A.'s, in type equally as large. Charity is dispensed by the fashionable merely for show, and goes in the main to support officers and institutions that do little or nothing for the poor.

—

Medical men have for some time arrived at the conclusion that consumption is infectious. The matter has been taken up in a very practical way in the German army, in which the disease is stated to be very prevalent. All soldiers suffering from it, and, to prevent any possible infection, on no account are they to be allowed to associate with patients suffering from pneumonia or acute bronchitis, while special means are to be taken for the disinfection of the sputa of infectious cases.

—

England's great historical fane, Westminster Abbey, is said to be so crowded with the remains of illustrious dead, that it now contains no more room for interments. Chaucer's grave was molested to make room for Dryden's. Ben Jonson's bones fell into the grave prepared for Sir Robert Wilson. Addison's remains are squandered over those of the Duchess of Albemarle, and, in turn, those of James Craggs rest upon his. It is proposed to enlarge the burial accommodations of the Abbey by erecting new cloisters.

—

"'Let us be early English ere it be too late,' is the cry of the maidens in 'Patience,' and the cry seems to be taken up by the maidens in society," says a New York letter-writer. "It is said, on excellent authority, that the ladies are as heavy betters as the men at Jerome Park. They do not only win and lose dinners at Delmonico's, and boxes at the opera, but they rake hard coin into their purses as well. Five hundred dollars is mentioned as the sum one lady carried home as her earnings from the races recently."

—

Home is sometimes thought flat and dull, and too often made so, just for the want of recognizing what it stands for. The relations of life that go to form the household are the source not only of life's richest joys and most sacred memories, but also of some of the finest and noblest characteristics of man. The love, the fidelity, the forbearance, the self-sacrifice, that are nourished by family life are among the richest possessions of humanity. Such life can never become wearisome or commonplace save to those who fail to comprehend its meaning, or refuse to act in harmony with it.

—

Sawdust, after being saturated with a solution of carbolic acid, can be usefully employed for absorbing the discharge from wounds. The sawdust, which should be coarse, must be allowed to dry, and then should be enclosed in a bag made of several layers of gauze, or very fine, soft muslin. Pending the arrival of a medical man, a pad of sawdust carefully arranged to prevent any of the grains working through to the injured part, may safely be applied over the dressing of a wound that has commenced to discharge, or, if bleeding has recommenced from a cut, through the strapping. The pad of sawdust should be bound over the part requiring protection.

—

It is astonishing what effect the smallest portion of the strong coffee made by the Arabs has; no greater stimulus is required in the longest and most arduous journeys. It is universal throughout the East, but more used by the Arabs of the desert than by any other class; they will go without food for twenty-four hours if they can but have recourse to the little dram of coffee, which, from the small compass in which they carry the apparatus, and the readiness with which it is made, they can always command. Its effect is decidedly strengthening and exhilarating; it answers these purposes better than we can conceive it possible a dram of spirits could do in those who indulge in them.

—

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world, to look for judgment and experience in youth, to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike, not to yield to immaterial trifles, to look for perfection in our own actions, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power, not to make allowances for the infirmities of others, to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform, to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

—

In climbing a ladder, we can ascend one step only by letting go another; so all through life we cannot take one upward step except by letting go the one we now stand upon. The child must lose his infantile grace, his winning ways and something of his innocence, to become the sturdy, active, inquiring youth; and the youth in his turn must lose much of his bounding gaiety and eager enthusiasm, to gain the stability, breadth of view, and power of mature and intellectual manhood. So each species of happiness is gained by resigning some preceding one. The sensualist must give up the pleasures of vice, ere he can know the delights of a happy home; the miser must resign the joy of counting his hoard before he can experience the happiness of a generous affection. The scholar gives up ease for knowledge, the philanthropist loses many personal advantages to find a higher happiness in others' good; the patriotic statesman lets go his private ambitions for his country's welfare. Each step involves a loss of the one that went before, but only to bring a better gain.

HOPE.

BY ANNA BEALE.

As the sun in brightest glow upon ocean reclineth,
When the billows, unruffled, sing gently to rest;
So the radiance of Hope, in her soft beauty, shineth
On the innocent calm of youth's sorrowless breast.

But louder and fiercer is rolling the ocean,
As dances the foam in the sun's golden flame;
So changes the young heart at life's new emotion,
Though the clear star of Hope sparkles near all the same.

But storms are arising and clouds are obscuring
The face of the deep and glow of the sky;
So Hope to the young heart so fondly alluring,
May be darkened by grief or repressed by a sigh.

And quickly has sunshine in winter departed,
As the voice of the winds wakes the rage of the main;
So Hope, to the sight of the desolate-hearted,
Awhile in the rough waves of trouble may wane.

But bright may the sun be that gildeth the morrow,
And gentle the billows that sing him to rest;
So the night winds of grief and the chill dews of sorrow
Will vanish when Hope shines again in the breast.

For whatever betideth, her sure star endureth—
A glance or a thought, and we feel she is nigh;
Her home's with the sun, and, like him, she allureth;
From the gloom of the earth to the glow of the sky.

Meddling.

BY ALICE GUNTER.

LET me see—where was it that I first met her?

Oh, yes, it was under the arches of the bridge, boating by moon-light.

A globe of reddish-pearllowly on the east—the shadows of the great bridge resting softly on the mirror-like surface of the river the sound of a flute played softly afar off, and all of a sudden the keel of my boat coming sharply in contact with somebody else's oars.

"Hallo, you!" cried a clear voice, "Where are you going to? Why don't you look where you are steering?"

"Charley Dresden!" exclaimed I, little heeding the torrents of obloquy he was beginning to heap upon me.

"Mottiemore!" he responded, joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming on the river? Here? Come into my boat. Hitch on your old craft behind. And let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adriance."

I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy as the moonlight and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend Charley Dresden.

I had heard her blue eyes and peach-blossom cheeks raved about until even my much enduring patience had failed.

I had listened to rhapsodies about her sweet voice and pretty ways.

I had been called upon to criticize original poems composed in her honor, until the subject had long since palled upon me—and here I had stumbled, as it were upon her just as Charley was on the threshold of a declaration.

She was pretty, slight, and round and rosy, with china-blue eyes, a dimple in either cheek, and golden brown hair worn in long, loose curls, with none of the fashionable abominations of crimps, frizzes and artificial braids about her.

There was something flower-like and delicate in her prettiness—something unconsciously imploring in her way of lifting her eyes up to your face.

Hardened old bachelor though I was, I felt as if I could have fallen in love with her on the spot, if I hadn't known so well that Charley had the first innings.

We rowed home together—or, at least as far home as the river would take us.

Sophy sang little ballads.

Charley roared out tenor barcaroles.

I even essayed a song which I had learned nobody knows how long ago, and we parted the best of friends.

A week afterwards, Dresden and I met face to face in the street.

"Hallo, Mottiemore," said Charley, his honest visage lighting up. "What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a pearl, a jewel, a princess among women," I answered, with perfect sincerity.

"Congratulate me, then," cried Charley, beaming all over, "for I am engaged to her. Only last night. Look here," opening a mysterious silver case which he took from his inner vest pocket. "What do you think of that for an engagement ring?"

"A fine diamond," said I, putting my head critically on one side, "and fancifully set."

"We're to be married in October," said Charley, lowering his voice to the most confidential tones. "It might have been sooner if I hadn't undertaken that business in America for our firm. But I shall be sure to be back by October, and the money I shall make will be acceptable towards fitting up and furnishing our new home."

So we parted with a reciprocating squeeze of the hand, and Charley's bright face haunted me all day with a sort of reminiscence of what might have happened also to me, if I hadn't been five-and-forty with a bald spot on the back of my head.

I spent an evening with her afterwards at the house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt.

It was a pleasant evening, and it would have been still pleasanter if Charley and Miss Adriance had not both agreed by mutual consent to put me and the expectant mother-in-law on the same platform of old fogyism, and expected us to talk politics, religion, and the last new opera by the shaded gaslight, while they did the Romeo and Juliet business out on the balcony.

'I dare say they enjoyed it; but it was rather embarrassing, you see, to mamma Adriance and me.

"It's so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of common-place chit-chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adriance in my charge, I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the house.

I supposed naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion wrote from S——, where he had gone because he didn't know what else to do with himself in the dull season.

He asked me to be his groomsman.

Bullion was going to be married.

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at sixty a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance, you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

"Sophy Adriance!"

Was this the way poor Charley's blue-eyed *fiancee* was serving him, while he was across the Atlantic, trying to earn money for her sake?

My heart rebelled against the fickleness of woman.

I went straight to the house.

It was possible I might be mislead by a similarity of name, although even that was unlikely.

"'Is Miss Adriance at home?' I asked of the girl that answered the bell.

"La, no, sir. Miss Sophy's spending a few weeks with a friend at S——," she answered promptly.

That was enough.

I went home, and inclosing Bullion's letter in another envelope, directed it to poor Charley Dresden's address, adding a few words of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

"It's an ungracious thing for me to do, sending this letter," wrote I, "but I believe it to be the part of a true friend to undeceive you as promptly as possible. Bullion is very rich. Sophy is but a fallible mortal, after all. Be a man, Dresden, and remember that she is not the only woman in the world who would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

And then I wrote, curtly declining the invitation of old Bullion.

It was but a few weeks subsequently that an elegantly-dressed young lady entered my room.

I rose in some surprise, but the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil, I recognized the soft blue eyes and damask-rose cheeks of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottiemore!" she cried, piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to you, because you seem just exactly like a father to me."

I winced a little at this.

"But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched! And indeed, indeed I didn't deserve it."

She gave me a tear-blotted letter, and then sat down to cry quietly on the corner of the sofa, until such a time as I should have finished its perusal.

It was a fit mirror of Charley Dresden's impetuous nature, full of bitter reproaches, dark innuendoes, hurling back her troth and hinting gloomingly at suicide.

When I read it, I scarcely wondered at poor Sophy's distress.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottiemore," asked Sophy, plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it's so dreadful."

I slowly folded the letter, and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charles Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me.

"Are you not to become, if not already, the wife of Mr. Bullion the banker?" I asked sternly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Sophy. "That's mamma."

"Eh?" gasped I

"It's mamma," answered Sophy, "She's to be married next week. Didn't you know it?"

I stared straight before me.

Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me.

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I; "I will tell you all about it."

So I did.

I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed I had committed in sending the banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?"

Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she; "no real harm, I mean because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches. And pray Mr. Mottiemore don't look so woe-begone she added, kindly.

"Your mistake was natural enough."

Sophy was a true prophet.

There was no "real harm" done.

The next month brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me, which told me, not exactly in so many words, but in spirit that I had a great deal better have minded my own business.

Which I really think I had.

I stood groomsman to Bullion and that full blown rose, Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley Dresden came home, I cut the big wedding-cake at his marriage feast, Papa Bullion gave the bride away, and people say that Sophy was the prettiest bride of the season.

But it came very near being a broken off affair at one time, and all through my fault.

I've since learned to hold my tongue—a lesson none the less valuable for being learned late in life.

A Buried Heart.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"GABRIELLE, I love you."

The words came up to Margaret Wilbur, leaning against the casement of the window above, where she had been for the last half hour, listening to the soft nonsense that came up from the balcony below.

She stood like some statue, never moving, scarcely breathing, she listened to her doom.

Every word that came from the lovers below, went as a knife through her heart.

She knew now, without a doubt, that Clarence Morton, the idol she worshipped, was made of the clay common, and Gabrielle, her cousin, was as false as fair.

No moan escaped her lips as she sank upon the sofa, and buried her white face in the pillow.

Clarence Morton loved her before Gabrielle came.

Gabrielle, with her fatal beauty; Gabrielle, that won men's hearts only to trample upon them.

She was such a beautiful siren, Margaret could not blame Clarence.

No man could resist Gabrielle; but would she be true to Clarence Morton?

Would she tire of him, and cast him aside as she had so many others?

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" murmured Margaret.

"Heaven forbid, Clarence Morton, that you will ever know what it is to suffer as I do to-night."

Days passed away.

Margaret went about as usual before the lovers, her pride and self-will sustaining her.

But if there was any change in her, the man she once called lover was too infatuated with the beautiful blonde, Gabrielle, to notice it.

But there was one other in the household who noticed the awful change in Margaret.

George Lyle, a distant connection of Margaret's, who had been brought up under her father's roof, watched her, and detected a change that only the eyes of love could detect.

He loved Margaret all his life, it seemed to him.

What would he not give to possess the heart that Clarence Morton won and so lightly cast aside?

But that could never be.

Margaret cared for him only as a brother, and he had no hope of ever being anything more to her.

But he must save her now.

He knew her heart was breaking, although she gave no sign.

His own disappointed hopes had made him a better man.

He labored in the great and good cause, alleviating the sufferings of humanity; if he could only enlist Margaret's sympathy in the same.

Work was the only thing that would save her.

The lovers had gone out driving.

Margaret sat at the library-window, gazing listlessly out on the landscape.

George Lyle closed the book he had been reading, and crossed over to where she sat.

"Margaret, how can you sit here so idly, while there is so very much to be done?"

She looked up drearily.

"It is too late, now, George. My time is too short. You have done good all your life; but I will go down to my grave, never having done anything for myself or any of God's creatures."

"Margaret, my sister, why talk about a short life? You may live to a good old age, and, child, see that your life is a useful one. Don't you know, Margaret, that God expects you, whom he has so bountifully supplied with earthly goods, to lend a helping hand to your fellow creatures?"

Tears rolled down Margaret's cheeks, and George Lyle knew that he had accomplished his purpose.

Stooping down, he printed a kiss on the pale brow, and hurried from the room, fearing to remain longer.

"Dear George," murmured Margaret, a few moments after, as she saw him crossing the lawn, "would that all men were as good as you."

And her eyes followed him with a strange, yearning expression.

Little she dreamed that it was the last time she would ever see George Lyle walking the earth.

It seemed to Margaret but a few minutes since George had left her.

She was thinking of him, queer, strange, sweet thoughts, when a noise of the tramping of feet, and the hum of voices came through the open window.

Margaret rose and leaned out of the window.

What did it all mean?

Her eyes fell in astonishment on her cousin Gabrielle, flying towards the house, he clothes in a state of utter disorder and her blonde hair streaming on the breeze.

"Oh, some terrible accident has happened!" cried Margaret, as a party of men came in sight, bearing something between them.

Whatever had happened was known in the house already, for Margaret heard an awful bustle and the hurrying to and fro of many feet.

"Oh, Margaret!" cried Gabrielle, rushing into the room, "we have had an awful accident.

"The horses took flight, Clarence lost all control of them, and we would have been dashed to pieces had not George appeared upon the road and partly stopped their flight.

"But, Margaret," and Gabrielle shivered and covered her face, "he saved our lives at the expense of his own. George Lyle was killed.

"I was the luckiest, as usual. I escaped uninjured, but Clarence—his face and head are cut and gashed awfully, his beauty is spoiled for ever. In my opinion, it were better he was killed outright," she said, with a look of disgust.

Margaret stood like one in a dream.

She never heeded a word Gabrielle said after she told her that George Lyle was dead.

George, that but a few moments before pointed out a new life to her, dead.

No—impossible!

"Margaret," said Mrs. Wilbur, entering the room with a tearful countenance, "come down to George—he wants you."

"Oh, mother!" cried Margaret, joyfully, "Gabrielle told me he was dead."

Without a word Mrs. Wilbur led Margaret down to the room below, where George Lyle lay breathing his last.

"Margaret," he spoke with an effort, and his voice was so low that Margaret was obliged to bend over him to catch his words, "Margaret, my time is short; draw near, darling, until I tell you now, what I never dared to breathe before."

He struggled until he raised himself on his elbow.

"Margaret, I love you, have loved you, oh, so long."

His voice grew fainter.

"Margaret, all I ask in return, is, that you shall meet me there."

Ah! what a strange thing is woman's heart; even she herself does not understand it.

"George, I love you—I love you," and Margaret clasped the dying man in her arms.

And Margaret spoke the truth.

That moment her heart went out to George Lyle, overflowing with love, pure and undying.

"Darling, it is well," and George Lyle closed his eyes, never again to open them in this world of sin and sorrow.

The funeral was over, and Margaret took her post in the darkened chamber where Clarence Morton lay in wild delirium.

After the funeral Gabrielle departed for her own home.

She never was a good hand at nursing, and Clarence's face disgusted her so, every time she looked at it, that, really, she never wanted to look at it again.

After a few days the fever spent itself, and reason was once more restored to Clarence Morton.

For days he kept his bed, too weak to rise; and those were days of deep reflection.

Now he knew the false from the true, and no man ever more bitterly repented his infatuation.

He watched Margaret flit about his chamber; Margaret, patient, noble, and true.

Oh, how he longed for strength that he might beg for forgiveness and ask again for the heart he had cast aside.

Days passed away, and Clarence Morton was himself once more.

No, not exactly the Clarence of yore, for Gabrielle had said aright.

His beauty was spoiled for ever.

Clarence and Margaret stood in the library window, the same window where she and George Lyle stood the day he went forth to meet his death.

"Then you won't forgive me, Margaret?" he was saying.

"I forgave you long since, Clarence," and Margaret raised her eyes filled with a holy light, "but I can never be your wife. My heart is buried with George Lyle."

"Then life is worthless to me, and the sooner it is over the better," said Clarence, sinking into a chair.

"Ah, Clarence, once I thought the same myself; but he pointed out a better life and made me think differently, Clarence," and she placed her hand upon his head,

"'Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for the morrow;
Every day begun again.
Hours are golden links—God's token
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.'"

Sacrifice and Reward.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

UPON my word! Just what might have been expected! Selfish! Heartless! Cruel!"

The above ejaculations fell from the lips Mrs. Carpenter Wainwright, as she sat beside a fire reading a letter.

A lengthy letter too, closely written upon four large pages of paper.

After she folded it, she said, sharply—

"Well, thank goodness, her mother is no relation of mine."

Evidently the news, whatever it was, about the woman who was no relation of hers, touched Mrs. Wainwright deeply.

Her brow was clouded, and, as she mused angry flashes sprang more than once into her large, dark eyes.

Upon all sides of her were evidences of comfort, and her own dress, though a morning *negligee*, was costly and in exquisite taste.

She was not young—past seventy—yet she carried her tall figure erectly still, and her eyes were brilliant as those of youth.

While she sat in profound thought there was a tap upon the door, followed by the entrance of a young girl, just touching eighteen, with a fair, sweet face, lighted by eyes as dark as Mrs. Wainwright's own.

"Aunt Cora," she said, brightly, "shall I read to you now?"

The old lady looked into the sweet face with a keen glance, as if questioning herself somewhat about the girl; then she said, abruptly—

"I have had a letter from Mrs. Pope this morning."

"With news from Mill Village?" the girl asked, a look of pleasure on her face.

"You are very fond of Mill Village?"

"No. I like town much better. Still there are some people in Mill Village I am fond of."

"Theoda West."

The girl hesitated; then lifting her bright eyes she said, frankly—

"I love Aunt Mary, but I don't think I am so fond of Theoda. She is very handsome, very accomplished, and too fond of patronizing time."

"Ah!"

"You see she has been a pupil teacher, and learned all the extra branches to teach again."

"While you were making dresses?"

"Yes. Aunt Mary let me choose, and I knew I could make a living at dressmaking."

"Your Aunt Mary was very kind to you?"

"Very. She took me when poor mamma died, ten years ago. She could not give me luxury and pleasure as you have done in the last year, but she never made any difference between Theoda and myself."

"H'm! yes. She is your mother's sister, I am your father's.

"She gave you a share in the hours of care and poverty.

"I have taken you to this one, and will not forget you in my will."

The girl's face flushed under the sarcastic emphasis of the words.

"I never weighed one obligation against the other, aunt," she said, quietly; "you have been very, very kind to me."

"Your Aunt Mary is an invalid, too?"

"She is in consumption. We have feared every winter would be the last."

"Well, my news is that your loving cousin, Theoda, has eloped with the German teacher who has taken a situation in London."

The fair face grew deathly pale, and an expression of positive horror looked out from the soft, dark eyes.

There was a pause of silence that was painful.

Then Estelle Mason spoke in a choked voice—

"I must go to Aunt Mary."

"Go to her! Nonsense, child. What claim has she on you?"

"The claim of gratitude."

"But what can you do? You have no money."

"I can work."

"Have I no claim?"

"Only second to her. You have been very good to me; but you have so many relatives who would be glad to come and fill my place.

"You are strong and well, with money for every comfort. She is feeble, sick, and poor. Oh, how could Theoda desert her—how could she?"

"Do you know who this German teacher, James Kent, is?"

"No."

"He is my husband's nephew. Not mine; but all my wealth came from my husband, and James Kent, knowing me to be a just woman, expects a handsome legacy when I die. Probably, when he told Theoda he would be a rich man some day, he did not tell the name of the aunt who had money to leave."

"I never saw him," was Estelle's only remark.

"He displeased me. I do not keep people near me who displease me."

Again that cutting emphasis of tone.

Estelle did not answer, and Mrs. Wainwright spoke again.

"I expect, therefore, that you will abandon this romantic scheme of returning to Mill Village.

"There are asylums where your aunt can be received."

"Not while I can work for her," Estelle said very firmly.

"Mrs. Pope writes that she will probably sell her cottage, and live upon the price in some place."

"Poor Aunt Mary. You will let me go to her."

"I do not pretend to control your movements," was the reply, in a cold voice. "When I took you from a life of poverty and toil, to take your place here as my niece and heiress, I expected to have a loving, grateful companion. Since I have been mistaken, you can leave me whenever you desire it.

"Only I wish it understood, that you choose between your Aunt Mary and myself, finally."

Estelle's eyes were full of tears, but she controlled her voice, by a strong effort, to say—

"I am not ungrateful, aunt, though I never considered myself your heiress. I thank you from my heart, and if you were poor and sick, you would not find me ungrateful.

"But my duty seems so clear to me that I cannot hesitate.

"Even at the price of your displeasure, I must go.

"But," she added, timidly, "I hope you will forgive me."

"Oh, I shall not quarrel with you, child. You may go, certainly. Only do not flatter yourself with the idea that you can return here when you are tired of your sentimental duties.

"There, go to your own room, and give me your decision at dinner. Not a word now."

So dismissed, Estelle went slowly to the room, where every adornment spoke of her aunt's care for her.

She was young, and had endured poverty for many years, so it was not without some bitter tears for herself that she faced the situation.

She fully appreciated the difference between Mrs. Wainwright's heiress, and a dressmaker toiling for the support of two women; between the petted child of this home of luxury, with servants to obey every wish, and the drudge of a little cottage with an almost helpless invalid to care for.

Yet she never faltered.

And when Mrs. Wainwright saw the pale resolute face at dinner, she knew that she must lose one who was very dear to her.

Now for the first time, she regretted her own residence abroad for fourteen years, when she might have been winning Estelle's love, as this invalid aunt had done.

"I see," she said, when the silent, almost untasted meal was over, "you still cling to your idea of duty.

"Go then. Take with you whatever I have given you, for I want no reminders of your ungrateful desertion.

"I had rather spare myself the pain of any parting scene.

"John shall drive you to the station in the morning, and this will help you until you obtain work."

She placed a note in Estelle's hand as she spoke, and turned coldly from her.

But the girl, now sobbing convulsively, caught her hand, and kissed it warmly.

"Do not think me ungrateful," said she her tears falling fast; "it breaks my heart to offend you Please kiss me, and give me a loving word before I go."

"There, child, never make a scene. Good-bye," and she kissed the pleading, upturned face.

"May I write to you?"

"Just as you please. I shall not expect it."

And keeping her cold, impassive face, Mrs. Wainwright went to her own room, bolted the door, and came out no more until Estelle had taken her departure the next day for Mill Village.

It was a room most unlike that in which Mrs. Wainwright had taken leave of Estelle, that the young girl entered late in the afternoon of the following day.

The little cottage where Mrs. West wept for her unnatural child's desertion had but four rooms, all counted, and those were furnished very simply.

In one of these, stooping over a sewing-machine, stopping often to cough, an elderly lady, in plain mourning garments, was seated, when Estelle came in.

Every trace of agitation was carefully driven from her face, as, with a tender smile, she said—

"Aunt Mary, will you say welcome home to me?"

"Estelle!"

That was all, but the joy of the tone was too warm to be hidden.

"You are glad to see me?" Estelle said, brightly.

"Glad, child, glad! My own loving little girl.

"I have missed you sorely, Estelle. But," she said, suddenly, "you have not quarrelled with your Aunt Cora?"

"We heard you were alone," Estelle said, evasively, "so I got permission to make you a long visit. Aunt Cora gave me one hundred dollars for housekeeping."

"Alone," the poor mother said, piteously, "Theoda has gone, Estelle. My child, whom I never denied any pleasure in my power to grant. Oh, Estelle, it will kill me."

And looking into the deep, sunken eyes, the hollow cheeks, Estelle knew her aunt spoke truly.

The little remnant of life in the consumptive frame was surely to be shortened by the cruelty of her own child.

But, by every loving device the self-sacrificing girl strove to keep the feeble flame of life still burning.

She let it be known to the place that she was anxious to obtain work as a dressmaker, and soon found employment.

Some curiosity was expressed at this sudden return from the "rich aunt" who had taken her away a year before, but Estelle only told the simple truth, that one aunt needed her while the other did not.

Work, none too well paid, came to the little cottage, and the household duties were shared while Mrs. West could keep about.

It was in November that Estelle came to her, and before February she was unable to leave her bed.

The duties then of nursing, and still keeping up with her engagements for dressmaking, pressed very hardly upon Estelle, but she never faltered.

Day after day the invalid was tenderly comforted, and yet the busy click of the sewing-machine was heard far into the night.

There was kindness shown by the neighbors who helped in this labor of love.

Some came to sit up at night, when the invalid required such watching.

Many a dainty dish, sent to tempt Mrs. West's appetite, proved a sufficient meal for both, and there was never wanting a kindly word of sympathy.

So the dreary winter wore away; and, to the surprise of all, Mrs. West lived through the bitter March weather.

How tenderly she was guarded and nursed in that trying month none knew but herself; but as the warm spring days came she brightened visibly.

Theoda wrote occasionally, seemingly glad that Estelle had come to take the post she had so heartlessly abandoned.

In one of her letters she wrote—

"My husband bids me tell Estelle it is as well, perhaps, that she did not build any strong hope upon Mrs. Wainwright's capricious adoption of her, as he will certainly inherit his uncle's money."

Estelle made no comment upon the message, but in her heart wondered if the money could ever be put to any good use in hands so selfish as Theoda's or her husband's.

It seemed a bad precedent for any noble action, this desertion of a dying parent.

Summer stole away, every day lessening the invalid's strength, and winter loomed up threateningly in the future.

All of Mrs. Wainwrigth's gift was gone, and poorly paid, often interrupted sewing was but a slender provision for cold and sickness.

Yet the wasted face, growing paler every day, pleaded silently for many comforts; and Estelle, spurred by the sight, wrote to her aunt Cora.

It was one of many long letters, but the first that asked for aid.

Estelle wrote—

"The doctor tells me Aunt Mary cannot live many weeks longer, and she requires almost incessant care. I find I cannot supply the comforts she needs; so I turn to you, not to beg, but to borrow. Will you lend me one hundred dollars, and I will faithfully work till it is paid when Aunt Mary no longer needs my time?"

There was the usual curt reply to this letter, but the loan was sent, with a brief intimation that the promised payment was expected.

Early in November the end came, gently and painlessly, the dying breath spent in blessings for the faithful nurse.

Never once had Mrs. West suspected that her niece was forbidden to return to the luxurious home she had quitted for her sake, so she had made no disposition of the little property in her power to will away—the cottage and garden around it.

It had seemed to Estelle, young and ignorant of business, only a matter of course that she should continue to live and work in the cottage where she had nursed her aunt's last moments.

But, Theoda, who came to the funeral, informed her she should put the place into a lawyer's hands for sale, and she must look for a lodgingelsewhere.

Bewildered, weary with watching, sorrowing sincerely for the dead, Estelle turned from the words, issued almost insultingly, with a sick faltering of her true heart.

"A letter, Miss Estelle," said the postman.

Only one line.

"Come and work out your debt to me here. "CORA WAINWRIGHT."

It was a temporary home, at least, and the desolate girl promptly obeyed.

In the November twilight, as they had parted, these two met again.

The stern, cold woman, who had so harshly put the choice of duties before the warm-hearted girl, was waiting when she entered timidly.

"So you have come back," she said, looking at the pale face and drooping eyes.

"To pay my debt, was the gentle reply."

"Pay it here!"

And Estelle found herself enfolded in an embrace so warm that the tears sprang to to her eyes.

"Here on my heart," said Mrs. Wainwright, "craving such a love as you give, tender, self-sacrificing little Estelle!

"I tried you sorely, child, only to find you true! We will not part again, Estelle, till the grave closes over another old aunt."

And when that hour came, comforted by Estelle's love, Mrs. Wainwright's will was found to leave all her property to her "beloved niece, Estelle Mason."

And thus the sacrifice Estelle had so nobly made met with its reward.

INDIAN BEEF DAY.

OUT in Dacotah, arriving at the corral, situated on the plains some two miles distant from the agent's office, a picturesque scene presented itself to view. Hundreds of Indians, of all ages, from the pappoose to the withered old chief hardly able to totter, had assembled in groups around the rail fence of the corral, and on the fence were as many of them as the fence could hold waiting to witness the shooting of the doomed cattle, some sixty or more three-year-old Texan steers, freshly branded, and that morning selected from the contractor's herd for the semi-monthly issue.

The agent was there himself supervising the work, and cordially received his visitor.

In the centre of each squatting group of squaws and bucks was generally one old red man, hoary, bent, and wrinkled, with darkened skin and bleached locks, puffing with serious earnestness at his pipe of red sandstone.

This the old patriarch would hand to his nearest companion, and so the pipe was passed around.

At a given signal the shooting commenced, and as one after another of the brutes fell to the ground a general rush forward was made to see the final death struggles, while an old buck chanted the death song with an energy showing he was evidently recalling past scenes of bloodshed and death, where far richer blood was shed, and scalps were carried away as trophies to add to the warrior's renown.

As the last steer bit the dust, bucks and squaws, armed with knife and hatchet, sprang upon their prostrate forms, and after first cutting out the tongue of the dying animal—the prize first to be secured—proceeded to finish the work of death, beginning to remove the skin ere the breath had left the body.

While the skinning was done carefully and skillfully, no system of method seemed to be used in the dismemberment of the carcass, the sole idea being to get meat, bones and viscera in the smallest possible compass ready for removal to the Indian tepees, where the feasting would commence, and no portion excepting the horns of the animal does the Indian reject for food.

Apportioned by the agent to the different bands of Indians, the meat is divided up among his band by the chief and packed off to his tepee by his squaws, dogs and ponies, while he complacently looks on in silent dignity.

The sight and smell of blood seemed to have a most exhilarating effect upon them all, and the work was entered into with an evident savage delight.

One old Indian, taking advantage of the occasion, hailed his people in loud tones, giving them some information, as the town crier of former years gave tidings of a lost child.

Those who had no wagons, such as are issued them by the government, packed their meat upon the back of their ponies or upon travois, the old Indian method of transportation, consisting of two pliant parallel poles strapped across the back of the pony like the shafts of a wagon, trailing on the ground some ten or fifteen feet behind the animal, connected in their centre by a platform of wicker work, upon which the burden is fastened.

Even their dogs are thus loaded down, often dragging four or five times their own weight of meat.

The work accomplished by the small but tough Indian ponies is surprising.

Often the pony carries a heavy burden of meat and an Indian as well, and very frequently three grown Indians are seen riding one pony.

◆

IT is a higher exhibition of Christian manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.

◆

TUBERCULOSIS.

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A physician in the State of New York, whose daughter was in rapid decline, sends us a report, which we give, showing a prompt arrest of the disease and a rapid return healthward.

"Your Home Treatment was duly received, and my daughter immediately commenced its use, stopping all other treatment. The results are marvellous indeed. She says that she feels nearly well, except that she has some cough yet. You will see by reference to my former letter that she had a very bad train of symptoms. Two physicians whom I called to see her pronounced it a case of Tuberculosis, and gave it as their opinion that she could not recover. She had had a cough for a year; was very hoarse; had a severe pain in right side; chill for last two months, with night sweats, emaciation, weakness, and loss of appetite, and nervousness; could not sleep at night; pulse a hundred and one at times; respiration about twenty-five to thirty-four. She began to improve about one week from the time she commenced the Oxygen Treatment, and has continued up to the present time. All the bad symptoms enumerated have passed off. I cannot find words to express my gratitude."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

The Stepmother.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

"ONE thing I know," said Miss Penelope Rockley; "I wouldn't marry a widower with a child, no matter how fascinating he might be."

But Adelaide Mordaunt, it appears, was to be daunted by no such old-maid scruples.

[illegible] that Albert Ormsworthy had a [illegible], did not, in any way, [illegible] brave heart.

[illegible] said Adelaide, with a [illegible] light [illegible] her dark, [illegible] and Flora is the sweetest and most affectionate creature in the world.

So Miss Mordaunt married Albert Ormsworthy, and went to take charge of his home and household with a blithe and [illegible].

Aunt Melissa, the ancient relative who had managed affairs ever since the death of the first Mrs. Ormsworthy, shook her head, dismally, at this new state of things.

"You'll have to be very careful how you let her encroach, Flora," said she, in a husky whisper.

"You'd better insist on keeping the keys yourself—I'm sure you've a great deal more right than a young stranger who, after all, isn't so very much older than yourself—and if she begins by offering any advice, just tell her plainly that you will come to me for any admonitions you may need."

"Indeed, auntie, I shall do nothing of the sort," said Flora Ormsworthy, coloring up.

"She is as lovely as she can be, and I know I shall love her just as well as if she were my own [illegible]."

Aunt Melissa raised her eyes and hands, simultaneously.

Could it be that the violet-eyed Adelaide had bewitched the daughter as completely as she had her father?

Then there must be witchcraft at work. [illegible] was a soft-eyed, raven-tressed little brunette, as different as possible from her tall, blonde stepmother, who had a Junoesque majesty of deportment, and hair of a pale flaxen gold, but she clung to her, with almost idolatrous affection.

"I am so glad papa has married again," said she. "Not that I cherish the memory of my dear dead mother any the less, but we are so lonesome here, with only Aunt Melissa, who always went to sleep in the evenings, and could talk only of pickles and [illegible]."

"Darling mamma," with an enthusiastic hug and kiss, "the house has been like an enchanted palace since you came here."

And Flora's devotion to her step-mother was in itself one of the sweetest welcomes that Adelaide received to her new home.

"I am glad that she is so fond of you, dearest," said Mr. Ormsworthy, to his wife; "because I think that your influence will have a favorable effect upon her.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to be [illegible] and indolent about her studies."

"She must be urged on," said Adelaide, briskly.

"Not [illegible]," said Ormsworthy, "for [illegible] keep pace with other girls of her age and romance—all of which is well enough in its place—but it is rather discouraging that she cannot keep up in algebra, mental [illegible], and physical geography."

"I will see to all that, dear," said Adelaide.

The next day she had a long talk with Flora.

Flora cried, promised, lamented her own unworthiness and lack of enterprise, and [illegible].

"[illegible] you proud of me, mamma," said she, sliding her head on Adelaide's shoulder.

When Mr. Ormsworthy came home to dinner, it was with a grave face.

"Addie," said he "I find I must go abroad next week."

"Abroad! Oh, Albert, surely I may go too?"

"I am afraid not, Adelaide. I must go in such a hurry and pass so speedily from place to place, that even you could hardly keep up with me, but I shall not be gone long; in three months or four at the outside I will be with you again.

"In the meantime you and Flora must be all to each other."

Adelaide shed a few tears, naturally enough, but she soon brightened up.

"I won't let you think me a coward, Albert," said she, bravely.

"As you say, it will not be for long. And you and I, dear Flora, will be companions for each other."

Flora with her dark eyes glistening full of tears, mutely pressed her step-mother's hand in token of sympathy and assent.

"Flora," said Mrs. Ormsworthy, when her husband was gone, "your papa is to be absent three months.

"In that period of time, dear we must show him how you can improve. Fancy his pride, his delight if, on his return, you can show him one of those gold medals you have so often coveted."

Flora's cheek flushed.

"Mamma, do you think I can?"

"I think, dearest! I am sure of it if you will but try.

"[illegible] that you haven't sufficient [illegible] your own abilities. Oh! I [illegible] of you if you succeed-[illegible]

[illegible] cried,

"I will try mamma, indeed I will," she uttered fervently.

Mrs. Ormsworthy never allowed her to forget the object of her ambition.

Naturally indolent, Flora seemed to have changed her whole nature.

She rose early to study.

Late at night the light burned in the little rose-lined boudoir, which had been fitted up especially for her use.

Whenever she seemed in any degree to flag, Adelaide was at her side, cheering, encouraging, speeding her on.

"Seems to me Flora's getting thin—isn't she?" Remarked Melissa, on one of those red letter days when she had come to spend the afternoon.

"Thin! Oh, no," said Adelaide, lightly. "She is only studying very hard and growing very rapidly."

"Well take care you don't drive her too fast," observed the old lady, somewhat oracularly.

Mrs. Ormsworthy smiled a little contemptuously at this idea.

Quick and brilliant herself, it never occurred to her that Flora Ormsworthy could be overworking herself to reach that very ordinary degree of success which she was attaining.

"I don't think there is any danger," said she.

And at last the period of fruition arrived for all this labor.

To Mrs. Ormsworthy's infinite delight, Flora was one of the fortunate few called up to the crowded platform in sight of the assembled throng, who annually witnessed the "Commencement Exercises," of Madame Cecini's famous school to receive a glittering gold medal—a prize for her proficiency in mathematics, and a silver one for the best composition offered for competition.

Adelaide clasped her arms firmly about the young girl as she returned, blushing and radiant, from the platform.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" cried she. "If your papa could be but here to share my pride—my happiness!"

Flora laid the medals softly in her stepmother's lap.

"Keep them for me, mamma," said she, wearily. "I don't care for them myself. It was for you I worked—for your sake and papa's."

That night Flora Ormsworthy was taken sick.

"Brain fever," said the physician, whom the frightened step-mother made haste to call in.

"She is growing rapidly; she has naturally a delicate constitution. You have worked her too hard, madam."

"I!" cried poor Adelaide.

"[illegible] ma'am. Didn't I hear my little [illegible]ghter say that she took two prizes in school yesterday?"

"Yes."

"[illegible]y have been purchased with her [illegible]

These young brains are del[illegible] [illegible]hinery, and if one of the wheels [illegible]

Poor Adelaide.

For the first time she began to be conscious that she had been untrue to the trust she had laid upon her—the care of Flora, whose dead mother lay under the velvet sod.

And as the days dragged slowly on, and she could hear people whispering in the ante-room without, the weight dragged her poor heart still lower down.

"I thought as much," snuffled Melissa, behind her pockethandkerchief. "See what comes of bringing a step-mother into the house. If poor darling Flora had been left to my charge, this would never have happened."

"Young girls aren't to be trusted with the cares of a household," groaned Miss Rockley; "and I don't believe Adelaide Ormsworthy is twenty yet, for all she's so tall, and has such a stately way with her."

"The old story of a step-mother over again," said Mrs Pockerly. "I should think Albert Ormsworthy might have known better."

To Adelaide, secure though she was in the consciousness of her own good intentions, these criticisms were like so many envenomed arrows piercing to her very heart.

And, with Flora lying pale and delirious before her, with fever glistering eyes, and cheeks stained with crimson spots of color, she could but ask herself what answer she should make to Albert Ormsworthy when he returned and asked of her his child.

But often as she had pictured to her shrinking fancy the scene of Albert's return, the reality was ten times worse.

He came unexpectedly, intending, poor fellow, a pleasant surprise, and when he saw Flora tossing on her bed of illness, looking him full in the face with unrecognizing eyes, and heard Melissa's version of the whole affair, he said, between his set teeth—

"Adelaide, if my child should die, I shall never forgive you."

Adelaide recoiled from his stern words as they had been a blow, and covered her face with her hands.

"I meant it all for the best," she answered, "Oh God! can it be that I have made so fatal a mistake?"

But Flora did not die.

It was on that very evening that she passed the crisis of the disease, with fair promise for recovery.

"[illegible]," [illegible] rubbing his hands.

Adelaide, kneeling at her husband's feet, cried out, through blinding tears—

"Albert, Albert! can you forgive me?"

"Dearest, can you forgive me those cruel words?"

That was the beginning of the new life.

When Flora came back to them—from the grave, as it were—there was no more strife—no more urging the brain into artificial growth.

Adelaide had received a lesson.

"Henceforth," she said, "I shall love and treasure my stepdaughter just as she is."

New Publications.

Palgrave's Golden Tr[illegible] [illegible] the best anthologies of poetry, h[illegible] long held a high place in the estimat[illegible] both public and critics. It was published in 1860, and although frequent editions have since been exhausted no additions have been made to the original text. Mr John Foster Kirk has now taken the matter in hand and has added a fifth book, which contains selections from the English poetry of the last fifty years. Thus we find examples of the muse of Tennyson, of Browning, of Matthew Arnold, of Charles Kingsley, of Swinburne, of Rossetti and others, which found no place in the old edition. The publishers claim that the book embraces the choicest lyrical productions in the language from the Elizabethan to the Victorian age, and we are not inclined to disagree with them.

The book is handsomely brought out in every way. The printing is admirably done, the design of the cover most appropriate and the work is well worthy of the publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., which has issued it. Price [illegible]

[illegible] works of Ouida, by F. Sydney Morris, [illegible] fore a source of congratulat[illegible] the compiler has made a careful study of her works and selected many of the pure, good and beautiful thoughts which are [illegible] pages. The selectio[illegible] are mostly [illegible] her later works, [illegible] worthy of a careful perusal—start[illegible] liant and vivacious as they [illegible] us. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price $1.50.

"Marah," by Rosa V. Jeffrey, is a somewhat lurid sort of a story. [illegible] father is very old and ill, and Inez, his new wife, is little more than Marah's age. A former husband, supposed to be dead, turns up, and Inez loves him still. They do not make known their former relationship, and so Marah is left to fall in love with the husband of her stepmother. Then the stepmother kills her feeble old husband, Marah's father, with chloroform, her first husband being an accidental witness. After a great deal of wickedness on the part of the brother of the stepmother, the latter dies, the brother is murdered, and Marah marries her stepmother's first husband. It is lively in narration, and makes good if not the best of reading. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price $1 25.

MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* for January presents a table of contents possessing in the highest degree the character of contemporary human interest. First, the opposite sides of the question of Ecclesiastical Control in Utah are set forth by two representative men. Senator John T. Mitchell writes of the Tribulations of the American Dollar. In an article entitled Theological Readjustments, the Rev. Dr. J. H. [illegible]ance insists upon the necessity of [illegible] from the formularies of belief and from the current teachings of the churches, all doctrines and all statements of supposed facts which have been discredited by the advance of exegetical scholarship, and by the progress of natural science. Senator Henry W. Blair, taking for his theme Alcohol in Politics, declares his belief that another irrepressible conflict is at hand. No one who read in the December *Review* the first half of The Day of Judgment, Gail Hamilton's incisive review of the domestic life of Thomas Carlyle, will forego the pleasure of perusing the latter half in the current number. Evils Incident to Immigration, by Edward Self, is a forcible statement of the mischiefs wrought by the importation into our social and political life of an enormous annual contingent from the lowest stratum of the population of Europe. Finally, the subject of Bribery by Railway Passes is discussed by Charles Aldrich and Judge N. M. Hubbard. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

St. Nicholas for January makes its New Year's call with a bright table of contents and a brilliant list of contributors, including Louisa M. Alcott, Halleck Foote, Julian H[illegible] R[illegible] H[illegible] [illegible] Mayne Reid, H. H. Boyesen, W. O. Stoddard and others in prose. Among the poems are a fable in verse by Joel Benton; some jolly New Year's verses by Helen Gray Cone, with pictures by A. Brennan, who also illustrates a quaint little verse of his own, entitled Lucy Lee from High Dundee; and The Ballad of Good Sir Urgan, by E. Vinton Blake; a mediæval poem, with spirited illustrations by Alfred Kappes. An entirely new feature, inaugurated in this number and to continue throughout the year, is the *St. Nicholas* Almanac, which will give to young folk, in simple and popular form, the more important phenomena of our earth's relations to the heavenly bodies, and, in addition, some [illegible] relating to the various months an[illegible] The Century Co., New York. $3.00 per year.

[illegible], Mo., Sept. 14, 1879.

I [illegible] Hop Bitters, and have re[illegible] from them for liver [illegible] They are [illegible]

P. M. BARNES.

ODD INVENTIONS.

A FEW inventors achieve wealth for themselves, more than a few make other people's fortunes, and many die disappointed men, having wasted their time and their money upon wonderful things in which nobody else will believe or invest.

They are, as a rule, a sanguine race, and rarely succumb to the heart-sickness that springs from hope deferred.

Poultry-raising ought to be a very easy matter if those engaged in that interesting industry only availed themselves of the ingenious devices intended to satisfy their special requirements.

[illegible]nning with a false-bottomed nest, by which the credulous hen is made to disbelieve her senses, and, under the impression she has not laid an egg, perseveres in her endeavors to increase the numbers of her kind until convinced she is the victim of a [illegible] compelled to give up from sheer ex[illegible] ending with an artificial [illegible] natural [illegible] presence of a living mother, and consequently thrive just as [illegible] those favored with proper care. For [illegible] of those who combine bee-keeping with poultry-raising, an inventive genius has contrived a patent hen-roost, so constructed that the action of the hens opens the doors of the beehives in the morning, and closes them at night, safe against the intrusion of the bee-moth and unwelcome visitors.

The *Scientific American*, a journal not given to joking, tells us that, pigs not being of an accommodating disposition, when it comes to getting a car-load to move along a narrow gangway, the first to start are apt to decline moving on, and so block the way for the rest.

The cattle-yard men at West Albany, New York, have overcome the difficulty by inventing the hog-bouncer—made by bringing one end of the gangway plank to a firm support, and placing under the other end two double car-springs, connected with a powerful lever and a spring catch. Before the car door is opened the platform is carried down so as to compress the spri[illegible] by the lever, and the catch is hooked. [illegible] hogs are then allowed to pass along the platform, and as soon as a block occurs the catch is sprung; one end of the [illegible] flies three feet upward, and a shower of liv[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] leaders of the drove. They are [illegible] injured, but vastly astonished, and the blockade is at once at an end.

Among the number of patents we find one that would commend itself hugely to the author of "The Coxtons," although sextons and custodians of burying gro[illegible] would scarcely approve of its adoption. [illegible] presume, too, that it is meant for a v[illegible] rather than for a common grave. It is a simple affair enough—merely an open tube containing a rope ladder, and furnished with a bell and cord.

[illegible] end of the tube is inserted in an [illegible] immediately above [illegible], the other pr[illegible] above the ground.

Should the tenant of the coffin happen to have been buried unnecessarily, when he wakes from his trance, he can choose between rousing the neighborhood with the clangor of the bell, and making his way back to the world by help of a ladder.

If he does neither the one nor the other within a reasonable time, then, by pulling up the tube, a glass plate is released and drawn over the opening in the coffin lid. For those whose only fear is that they may not be permitted to rest undisturbed, another inventor provides a "torpedo grave," which if meddled with explodes instanter and scatters the meddlers to the winds.

Not of such a lugubrious nature is the Courtship Clock, of Chicago origin, described by its inventor as a patent escape, [illegible] ing-accelerating clock, for use in families where they keep unmarried daughters in stock.

[illegible] P. M. [illegible] young woman is justified in staying the young man when he reaches for his hat with, "Oh, don't go; it's early yet!" If the visitor should be of the undesira[illegible] the indicator is pushed up, and by ha[illegible] 9, the clock's hands mark two in the morning, and the prudent damsel has fair excuse for giving him his dismissal.

Housewives plagued with black beetles that refuse to be exterminated will be glad to hear they may rid themselves of their tormentors by using the Deadly Beetle Buster, an instrument constructed on scientific principles and worked by an a[illegible]. All they have to do is to stop up ev[illegible] ture in a room but one, and then fix the Deadly Beetle B[illegible].

Upon exhausting the air in the receiver, a current of air will be produced, drawing all the vermin out of their hiding-places and through the air-pump into the hopper where they may be dealt with as they deserve.

KEROSENE.—Kerosene will make your tea-kettle bright. Saturate a w[illegible] and rub with it. It will also remove st[illegible] from furniture.

No greater guarantee of the excellence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup could be furnished than that it is recommended by all the leading Druggists.

Our Young Folks.

HOW SHE FOUND HIM.

BY PIPKIN.

"NOW for a race, father," said Maggie Fraser one morning. "I'll give you a start, and catch you before you get to the Wish Tower."

"I can't come just this moment, dear," answered Mr. Frazer; "have a scamper with Bruce first."

"Come along, doggie, then. One, two, three, and off we go. Gently," she added, patting her pony.

"Here we are, father," she exclaimed about five minutes afterwards, bringing Ruby to a standstill just as her father was preparing to mount his bicycle.

"I don't know who won—we always seem to keep just together; but Ruby shied at something in the hedge, and nearly threw me."

Mr. Frazer looked round quickly.

"You must be careful, Maggie, how you ride; what did you do with Ruby when she shied?"

"I turned her round to lead her past it again, but I couldn't see anything," replied his daughter.

"Now, then, let us start at once," said Mr. Frazer; "only be careful how you pass that particular spot, as Ruby may have keener eyes than you have."

All went well at first.

The little girl and her pony quite understood each other; and the whip was carried more for show than for use.

"Now, father, let us race to the sign-post," said Maggie, after they had been going quietly for some time.

"All right, I'm ready!" and off went the iron horse, side by side with Ruby and Bruce.

Suddenly the pony swerved right across the road, and Maggie was shot right into the ditch.

Fortunately she was not hurt, and was at Ruby's head in a moment.

"What could it have been?" she said, anxiously. "Did you see anything, father?"

"No, but are you sure you are not hurt, my darling? We must sell Ruby if she takes to such tricks. Are you afraid of mounting again?"

"Oh, no, father; she's all right now. But where's Bruce?"

After several calls the dog jumped down a steep bank about twenty yards ahead, and came to his master; but he seemed to prefer scampering on the other side of the hedge to running by Ruby's side.

The rest of the ride passed happily enough, and the circumstance was forgotten.

Maggie's mother had been dead about three years, and the child had been her father's constant companion ever since; but she had one sad trouble.

Mr. Frazer had a son six years older than Maggie, who used to be her devoted friend and brother.

Reginald Frazer was a headstrong boy, and when his father refused to let him either go to sea or be a doctor, he declared he would rather go on board ship as a common sailor than be anything else.

"Then you'd better go," said Mr. Frazer, in a violent temper; "only never let me see you again."

"Very well," was the quiet answer, "I will go."

And when Maggie came down to breakfast the next morning she found a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots on her plate with a scrap of paper, on which was scribbled—

"Keep them, Maggie, dear, and love me dearly always."

How the poor child sobbed when her father told her what had happened!

Then when he forbade her to mention Reginald's name, the sobs gave place to a quiet misery, which very nearly made the little girl ill.

It was just a year ago now, and when Maggie came in from her ride that fine [illegible] morning on which we first saw her, she sat looking at the faded flowers and wondering whether Reggie would ever come back.

"Now, missie, aren't you going to get ready for dinner?" said the old nurse, who had taken charge of Maggie all her life.

"Yes, nurse, directly."

And the child, chattering away as she was dressed, gave a full account of Ruby's misconduct.

"That was funny now," said the nurse; "perhaps she saw the crazy boy."

"Crazy!" exclaimed Maggie. "We have not any one in the village who is crazy."

"Well, we certainly hadn't till the other day; but they say there's a strange lad in the place now.

"He never goes out like any one else, but he waits till dark, and goes by the hedges and ditches.

"When Sarah was coming home last night she saw a figure jump out of the hedge near our gate and run to the churchyard.

"John Martin at the 'Wheatsheaf,' who is as truthful a man as ever stepped, says he has seen him too."

Of course Maggie told her father all this, and Mr. Frazer was very vexed that any one should try to make his little girl believe such rubbish.

But after speaking to the nurse about it the matter was forgotten.

Maggie's great friend was Alice Vaughan, the rector's eldest daughter.

As the rectory was only about a mile from Crawford House, Maggie used often to ride alone to spend a few hours with her.

It was a very pretty ride, along a narrow shady lane.

One afternoon, just as Maggie was starting for home, a heavy storm came on, so she had to wait for nearly an hour.

"Father has gone to Chesterton," she said, "so he won't be anxious about me."

It happened that the clergyman and his wife were out, so the two children were left to do as they liked, and it was really late when Maggie started for home.

"It is getting dusk," she said, laughing; "it will be nearly dark in the lane. Supposing I see the crazy boy!"

Just then Bruce came trotting up, and danced round his mistress, as if impatient to be off.

"You'll take care of me, won't you, old doggie?" she said.

And then, kissing her hand to Alice, she rode gaily away.

She was about half way through the shady lane when she heard a peculiar whistle, and Bruce scampered off.

The child's heart throbbed.

It was nearly dark in the lane; her only protector was gone, and for a moment she was frightened.

"Good dog, lie down," said a voice.

She pulled up her pony for a moment.

The words, like the whistle, seemed familiar; but nothing sounds in the twilight just as it does in the bright sunshine.

Then suddenly, as Maggie started homewards, she heard some one say, "Maggie, Maggie. I want you!"

She knew the voice then, but before she could answer a man sprang from the hedge behind her, and cried—

"So you are the idiot, are you? A nice sort of trick to play on little girls."

Then came a report and a flash; Maggie heard a sharp cry, and a hand was laid on Ruby's rein, while a farmer, whom she knew well, said—

"Now, miss, let me lead your pony home."

"Oh, no!" she said, shrinking from him. "You've killed him."

"Never fear, missie. Let me lead you home. It is some thief who has been loafing about here, pretending to be silly that he might steal more easily."

But Maggie was obstinate. She jumped off her pony, and positively refused to go home till Farmer Martin had attended to the wounded man.

"He has made off sharp enough," said the farmer; "there was only a blank cartridge in the pistol.

"I told my son to get it ready, and I've been carrying it about for a week, waiting for this very wonderful idiot who has been sharp enough to keep out of my way."

A groan made them both hurry up the bank and through the hedge to where the wounded person lay.

There Maggie found neither ruffian nor idiot, but her own dear brother Reginald.

"We must take him home," she said, quietly, after kissing him.

The farmer stared.

He, too, had recognized the squire's son.

"What will your father say?" he asked anxiously of Maggie.

"I'll see about that; only help me to get him on Ruby."

The farmer saw that the poor lad was faint with loss of blood

The pistol had been loaded, and the shot had entered his leg.

"He couldn't sit up, even if we could lift him on," he said.

"Will you be afraid to stay here whilst I go for one of my men?"

"No; only please get on Ruby, and go quickly."

Without another word the farmer mounted, and galloped off.

Poor little Maggie tried to be brave, but she trembled as she held Reginald's hand.

"Reggie darling, does it hurt much?" she whispered.

Then when he did not answer she ran her fingers lightly over his face, and found it quite cold.

All her self-possession left her then, and she burst into tears.

Suddenly she heard the sound of wheels in the road, and, made desperate by grief and fear, she jumped down and cried, "Stop!"

"Why, Maggie," said a well-known voice, "how you frightened me. What are you doing here, child, at this time of night?

"This really is very naughty; jump in at once."

But Maggie stood still by the side of the dog-cart.

Now that the time had come for her to speak she knew not what to say.

"Come, child, [illegible]."

"Father," she said, and her voice sounded so strange that Mr. Frazer got down to look at her by the light of the lamps; "you know the story of the lost sheep?"

"Yes, yes," he returned, "but what has that to do with us now. Are you ill, my darling?"

"Listen, father; there's a lost sheep near here; wounded too! Will you leave it to die?"

"Certainly not; show me quickly where it is."

"You'll be gentle with him, father?"

"I will indeed, and put him in the dog-cart if you like."

He said the words lightly, to comfort his little girl, who seemed so agitated.

"Come, then," she said; "but give me one of the lamps: it is so dark."

When they reached the spot where Reginald lay, she let the light fall full on his pale face.

"Father, dear," she said, sobbing aloud; "there's the lost sheep. Take him home, please."

When Farmer Martin came back, he found the squire crying like child a over his son, who had just recovered consciousness.

"Forgive me, father," he whispered; "I have been very wicked to leave you, but I have been well punished. I was afraid to come and see you, and I've been staying at the 'Wheatsheaf' till I could get hold of Maggie.

"I tried to stop her twice, but each time the pony shied, and only Bruce knew me. Please forgive me."

Poor Reginald looked dreadfully white when he was lifted into the dog-cart, but a skilful surgeon soon set him right again, and there is no happier trio in the county now than Mr. Frazer, Maggie, and her brother Reginald.

* * *

CHINESE WOMEN.—A young girl walking in the street must not turn her head round; nor at home is she to glance slyly at visitors.

She is to remember, moreover, that girls who are always laughing and talking are not esteemed, and that virtuous women have been honored from the earliest times.

[illegible] Mencius, [illegible] the [illegible], being so poor that she could not buy writing materials, taught her son to read by tracing characters in the sand.

Women should learn to read, write and use the counting-machine, so as to be in a position to direct a household.

They should read books of piety and stories of morality in action, while avoiding love, poetry, songs and anecdotes.

Women should be reserved, and they are cruelly enjoined never to occupy themselves with other people's affairs.

Men ought never to talk of domestic matters, while women should never talk of anything else.

When a visitor is in the drawing room the lady of the house should not be heard raising her voice [illegible].

Women are not to paint their faces and wear striking colors, for the insufficient reason that if they do men will look at them.

Young women, as well as young men, are to be dutiful to their parents, and always in a good humor—even when their father and mother are not.

They are to ask them whether they are hot or whether they are cold; to take them food and drink, and to furnish them with new boots and shoes.

When a young girl is grown up, and married to an honest man, she must not forget her parents, and once or twice a year must ask permission of her husband to go and see them.

"From the highest antiquity until the present day the rule in marriage has been that the husband commands and the wife obeys.

Virtue for a wife consists in having an equal temper, and to arrive at this much must be supported.

"If the first wife has not the happiness to give her husband a male child, he chooses a person he loves in order to have by her a son who will continue his line. It is necessary under these circumstances," says the 'Manual' "not to give way to jealousy, but to live together on friendly terms in the same house. At present great dissensions take place between first and second wives. Out of a hundred first wives, you will scarcely find one or two of a sweet and affable disposition. I have taken great pains," adds the author, "in writing this paragraph. Do not read it thoughtlessly."

If, however, he had been more thoughtful himself, it might have occurred to him that the want of sweetness and affability which he deplores in "first wives" is the result less of character than of circumstances, and that it would show itself equally in second wives if they, in their turn, were to be displaced.

* * *

COLDS.—This is about the season of the year when colds seize unsuspecting people, and bring in their train a very Iliad of woes.

You leave home some bright sunshiny morning, and find out, when you are fairly started, that the sunshine is a hollow treachery, that a bitter east wind is ravening all round, and that your lungs have been stabbed through and through by the blast before you had hardly found it out.

A cold caught about this season ought to be swiftly dealt with, or it may run on and take months to shake off

A day and a night's home nursing may effect a cure which a month afterwards, may cost a good round doctor's bill.

Never neglect a cold. The attack may not seem severe, but a cold is a cold and therefore an enemy to be looked after with the greatest watchfulness

* * *

One voice all over the land goes up from mothers, that says, "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the least exertion. What can we do for them?" The answer is simple and full of hope. One to four weeks' use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly, and cheerful.

OF JUGGERNAUT.

THE Temple of Juggernaut is in the town of Puri, about 250 miles south of Calcutta, on the east coast of Hindustan.

If it were on the west coast, near Bombay, cholera would be sent to Europe, and perhaps America, almost every year, unless the British Government pleased or was forced by other powers to interfere with these destructive follies.

The easiest way would be to suppress the temple drummers.

The people are not naturally so anxious to go to Juggernaut, but about 3,000 emissaries, or drummers, of the temple are hired to go to almost every province and district of Bengal in search of dupes. These they drum up from almost every town and village.

The different bands of pilgrims number from 20 to 800 or more persons, and at the time of the great festival these follow each other so closely as almost to touch each other.

At least five-sixths are females and ninety-five out of each 100 on foot, but occasionally some big rajah, or great nabob, sweeps along, with 40 or 50 palanquins, 400 bearers, and fifty baggage-carriers, or with scores of elephants and hundreds of camels or horses, in all the indescribable noise, confusion, and dirt of Indian magnificence.

Twenty-four high festivals take place at the Juggernaut every year.

At one of them about Easter, 40,000 devotees indulge in opium and hashish to a degree that shocks the observers.

The great car festival takes place in June, and for weeks beforehand the pilgrims come trooping in by thousands every day.

Day and night, through every month in the year, troops of pilgrims pour along the great Oris, a road to Juggernaut, and the villages for 300 miles in every direction all have their pilgrim encampments.

They often travel from 1,000 to 1,400 miles, now a large portion of the way by railroad, but many walk or ride in carts 500 or 600 miles, and are always forced by the drummers to make full day's march.

Many a delicate child, girl, woman and man drops by the wayside, and almost all arrive at Juggernaut lame, and their feet bleeding and bound up in rags.

Then they rush into the sacred tanks or into the sea, and come out washed, to dress in clean garments.

They bathe every day, and at the great festival 40,000 run together into the surf, as Juggernaut is quite near the Bay of Bengal. But unfortunately the natural drainage of the place is obstructed by sand ridges which run parallel to the coast, and not downward towards the sea. The chill of the night and the soaking of the dews are bad enough, but the great car festivals take place at the beginning of the monsoon or great rains, and the water pours down from the skies in great, solid sheets. Every lane and alley and sand gulley then is invaded by torrents of water, and many weak and dying pilgrims are washed about; they are too weak to rise, and many of them die throwing their arms and legs in agony. Some of them are rolled about by the torrent until they have lost all their clothing, which is always mere wraps. Others lie quiet enough, having apparently died without much struggling.

Great dams of dead bodies are often formed; behind which the insufferable filth from thousands of other pilgrims accumulates.

The Bishop of Calcutta says: "The horrors are unutterable."

There are so-called corpse-fields about the town where those who die daily and in the ordinary course of human events are thrown.

Carrion birds are seen sitting around, filled with the flesh of man.

When the weather becomes too bad those pilgrims who can afford it go in-doors into model lodging houses.

The town contains a resident population of 25,000 in 6,308 houses, and 5,000 of these houses are arranged for the accommodation of pilgrims.

The scenes of agony and suffocation which take place in these dens baffle description.

Dr. Mouat examined the best pilgrim room, in which forty-five persons had spent the previous night.

It was thirteen feet long, eleven feet broad, and six and one-half feet high.

There were, of course, no beds, and each pilgrim had as much room as he or she could occupy lying down.

In another room, twelve feet long by twenty, eighty persons had slept.

The temperature of the room varies at night from 80 to 100 degrees, and those who live in temperature zones can form no conception of the suffocating stench which prevails.

Sometimes 90,000 people are crammed into 5,000 lodging-houses.

* * *

THE pond comet, a Washington astronomer says, will hardly be visible to the unaided eye until about New Year's day, but will then remain visible till spring.

* * *

DESPISE not small things. That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may land you in the grave. Avoid this by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best of known remedies for colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

ONCE AGAIN.

BY MARGARET GREY.

One golden summer's evening,
We stood, my love and I,
While shadows grew and deepened
Ere he whispered that "Good-bye."

Long years have come and vanished,
Since that sweet summer time,
But in my heart 'tis echoed
As an unforgotten rhyme.

I am standing in the gloaming,
As we did, he and I;
No answering voice to greet me now
As in the days gone by.

A rush of sad, sweet memory,
As with bended head bent low,
I pray for one bright hour again
From the far-off long ago.

The prayer has scarce been whispered
Ere I hear a manly tread,
And I look up with a sob, love,
To find thee from the dead.

THE EMPEROR'S GUEST.

THE evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon I., in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp, and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off, an Irishman, who was a grenadier, roasting some potatoes before a fire of red ashes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things," said the Emperor to the marshal; "just ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group, and asked to whom the potatoes belonged.

The huge Irishman stepped forward and said:

"They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," returned the grenadier, "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you will be kind enough to sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed to morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to Napoleon, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," said the gredadier, "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come, I'm hungry, and have not eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," repeated the grenadier. "Besides, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"You do? Who am I?" inquired Napoleon.

"Bah!" said the grenadier, "'The Little Corporal,' as they call you. Am I right?"

"Well," returned Napoleon, smiling, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier, "but if you would have me dine with you when we get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night."

"Done," said Napoleon; "on the word of a Little Corporal—on the word of an Emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones—the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking:

"The rogue is a first class good soldier, I'll warrant."

* * * * * * *

Two months afterwards Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the Palace of the Tuilleries, and was sitting down to dine, when word was brought in that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying he had been invited by his majesty.

"Let him come in at once," said Napoleon.

The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the Emperor:

"Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the Emperor; and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms, and said:

"A grenadier of the guards does not eat with lackeys. Your majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain, and, trusting to your word, I have come hither."

"True, true," said the Emperor. "Lay another cover near me, Rustan. Put aside your arms, sir, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and, turning to the Emperor, presented arms.

"A mere private," said he, "ought not to dine at the table of his Emperor."

"Ah," I understand you," said Napoleon; "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the soldier. "Vive l'Empereur," he shouted, and then withdrew.

McMahon was the soldier's name. One of his nephews played an important part in French history later.

Grains of Gold.

The sense informs the soul.

Faith gives courage to work.

Brevity and pungency are allies.

To love is to make a compact with sorrow.

One hour to day is worth two to-morrow.

Volatility of words is carelessness of action.

Do that first, always, which needs doing most.

Pretension is nothing; power is everything.

Splendor and extravagance are masks for poverty.

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

He has hard work, indeed, who has nothing to do.

Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation.

The great aureole encircles only the brow of the dead.

Choose the path of virtue, and imitate a high pattern.

Investigate affairs closely, and engage in them cautiously.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

A man's wisdom is his best friend, folly his worst enemy.

Luck is first lieutenant in the company of Captain Success.

He that doeth nothing, hath little time for anything else.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Eccentricity is often used as a high-sounding title for a fool.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

People who have more polish than principle, use it lavishly.

Heaven will be the sweet surprise of a perfect explanation.

What we need is to pray—not work up a philosophy of prayer.

Do all the good in thy power, and let every action be useful.

Lay thy plans with prudence, and be prepared for emergencies.

In all difficulties be patient, and overcome them by perseverance.

Be diligent in thy business, and strictly upright in thy dealings.

Cultivate thy mind carefully; it will be a store of pleasing reflection.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable to us.

A man without ambition is like dough without leaven to make it rise.

A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.

To be happy we must be true to nature, and carry our age along with us.

The largest liberty that can ever be given to any man is the liberty to do right.

A silent hour under the stars may whisper to you great thoughts of eternity.

An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning.

Femininities.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Plain stationery is coming in fashion again.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

Vermont has 20 female school superintendents.

Sealskin is quite inadmissible in a widow's mourning.

Morristown, Tenn., has a woman barber who does a thriving business.

The funny "man" of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is a woman.

Women outnumber men ten to one behind retail counters in New York.

The women's branches of shoemakers in New York number 1,200 members.

The menu cards at a recent New York swell dinner were made of silver, and cost twenty-one dollars each.

A lawyer of Austin, Texas, died a few days ago of a broken heart, on account of the elopement of his wife.

"Yes," she said, "I always obey my husband, but I reckon I have something to say about what his command shall be."

There is a good deal of human nature in clothes-wringers. A Kansas girl had her hand badly squeezed by one lately.

From an album: A woman's dress is like the envelope of a letter—the cover is frequently an index to the contents.

The wife of General Sherman has organized a club in St. Louis for the study of philosophy from a Roman Catholic standpoint.

When asked what she had for dinner, she replied: "Cold tongue." And he judged, by her manner, that there would be some of it left for supper.

Dr. Johnson, in one of his admirable essays on married life, contends for dissimilarity of taste as best calculated to produce mutual happiness.

A newly-married Texan shot his bride while she was mixing her first batch of biscuits. His plea in court, in all probability, will be self-defence.

Miss Mary Blake has published a little volume entitled, "Twenty-six Hours a Day." Mary must have to get up about two hours before she goes to bed.

A chrysanthemum wedding is one at which the ladies carry chrysanthemums of different colors, the bridesmaids' muffs being made of those flowers.

A lady who read that "it's lucky to pick up a horseshoe," picked up one in a blacksmith shop. The suddenness with which she dropped it showed that it was not lucky.

General Spinner, who had 1,000 women under him as clerks and accountants in the United States Treasury, leaves upon record the testimonial that they counted more rapidly and accurately than men.

"No, sir, I won't have a cat about my house," savagely exclaimed a young wife the other day. "Every time I look at a cat it makes me mad to think it can wear a fur coat in winter, and that I can't."

Kate Kane, the female lawyer of Milwaukee, who became notorious by throwing a glass of water in a judge's face, has dropped the legal profession and gone into the newspaper correspondence business.

A young Oil City lady recently visited New York, and when she returned home related how she stopped at a "palatable hotel and went up-stairs and down-stairs in a cultivator." Her parents should cultivate her.

"Ah! it was a gale," said Mrs. Ramsbotham; "it shook our house by the seaside, and I couldn't help murmuring to myself, as I lay awake, the words of the old song you know, my dear, 'Cease, rude Borax.'"

A Syracuse woman has been dreaming of seeing a hen walk a fence; and now what bothers her is, she can't remember whether it's a sign that this winter will be a mild one, or that there will be a death in the family.

A New York bookseller says that women do not buy such books as "Guides to Gentility," and "Habits of Good Society." Men buy them. Women prefer such books as "How to Beautify the Skin," and "The Art of Dress."

"Father," said a bright young lad, "I think I'll be a minister when I grow up." "Why—what puts that idea into your head, my boy?" asked the astonished parent. "Because, dad, I notice that ma always kills a chicken whenever a min'ster eats here."

There is no more sunshiny inmate of any home than the happy-tempered one, who has the art of putting all things in a pleasant light, from the great misfortunes in life down to a broken carriage-spring, a servant's failings, or a child's salts and senna.

Mixed—Two little girls aged four and six, had just got new dresses, and were on their way to Sunday-School. Said Etta, the elder, "Oh, I have forgotten my verse." "I ain't forgotten mine," replied the other. "It is, 'Blessed are de dressmakers.'"

All people have tangles in their life and affairs that cannot be unraveled; sorrowful things, which they think cannot be helped. Do not lock the closet door upon the skeleton; bring it out and air it; it may prove to be the skeleton of a cat, or even no skeleton at all.

To go about with cold feet is to undermine the system, and this very many women and girls are doing. Once no country girl was reckoned fit to be married until she had knit a pillow-case full of stockings; but it is not so now. Why? For the simple reason that tube stockings are not fashionable.

News Notes.

Prince Leopold has written a waltz.

Yale College has now 1,092 students.

Vienna is suffering from a water famine.

There is to be no Papal nuncio for America.

General Sheridan was an altar-boy in his youth.

President Arthur is a great lover of good music.

Some 30,000 children are living on canal boats in England.

A Pennsylvania grandmother boasts eight twin grandchildren.

The Denver newspapers have opened war on the Chinese there.

Handkerchiefs of linen, with colored borders, are fashionable.

There are three cents' worth of gold in every ton of sea water.

Fourteen negroes will occupy seats in the Mississippi Legislature.

In Sweden there is a doctor assigned to every 22 miles of railway.

The giant of a Chicago museum says he grew 18 inches in 22 weeks.

Paris is again to enjoy Italian opera after an interval of several years.

One of the defunct industries of Detroit is the manufacture of dog-oil.

Beef-tea is reported to be one of the favorite bar-room drinks in Omaha.

A boy in Vincennes, Ind., shot another boy dead for rotten-egging him.

The State of Pueblo, Mexico, has been invaded by great clouds of locusts.

Large, sweet onions have been recommended for gout and rheumatism.

Princeton, Mass., has hauled in about 10,000,000 pounds of codfish this year.

Two or three decayed back teeth serve to reject a recruit for the British army.

A boy was beheaded last week by an elevator he was attending in Baltimore.

Feathered fans with flowered centres and jeweled handles are very fashionable.

An Indiana clergyman is said to have recently delivered his sermon in rhyme.

In the Zoological Garden in London there is a macaw known to be 119 years old.

There are 27,000 blind persons in France who live in pauperism and mendacity.

A Newfoundland dog stopped a runaway horse the other day in Des Moines, Ia.

A successful farmer, in Kentucky, has been blind since he was eight years old.

A silver duck's head is the correct thing for umbrella-handles in Paris just now.

The piano is the most moral of instruments, being grand, upright and square.

Statististics show that in India wild beasts destroy about 4,000 human lives annually.

London Bible societies have given away 4,000,000 copies of the Scripture last year.

A prize-fight between two women for $10 a side was a recent novelty in Austin, Texas.

The recently-elected Mayor of Boston was a teamster less that thirty years ago, it is stated.

Boston, Providence, Hartford and New Haven have started tramp wood-sawing yards.

Buffalo boasts that one of its wards contains a larger population than the State of Nevada.

A Missouri journalist says that persimmons are a good substitute for brandy before breakfast.

London has 105 disused churchyards, which are slowly being adapted for purposes of recreation.

In Harrisburg, recently, a young man was arrested for spitting tobacco-juice on the floor of a church.

The Portuguese Crown Prince is but twenty years old, and speaks nearly that many different languages.

Hot water, says a writer on hygienic science, is to be the drink of the future, because of its healthfulness.

The prisoners in the Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary have singing and dancing diversions in the corridors, it is said.

The last raid on North Carolina moonshiners yielded three distilleries, and 6,400 gallons of beer, but no prisoners.

A petrified Indian was recently dug up in Georgia, with a deep cleft in his skull, and a stone hatchet beside him.

In England the average of life exceeds that of France by eleven years, though the French climate is considered superior.

A Chicago fancy goods store has adopted the practice of giving a free oyster stew to every one who buys a dollar's worth of goods.

WHAT IS MORE COMMON OR DISTRESSING THAN A BILIOUS ATTACK? Who is not familiar with the symptoms. Oppression across the Stomach and Chest, Low Spirits, Restlessness, Gloominess of Mind, Weariness, Dull Headache, Dirty, Greasy Appearance of the Skin, Yellow Tinge of the White of the Eyes, Loss of Appetite and Costiveness? Few, indeed, of the more ordinary ills of life are more widely prevalent than these Bilious Disorders, and yet they are readily gotten rid of by using Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, by whose operation the liver will be rapidly restored to healthy action, the vitiated secretions of the stomach changed, all costiveness removed, and the whole system assisted in recovering its normal condition.

The Young Teacher.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

THEY were wild scholars in that school.

The girls well-grown romps, who were almost without exception, and who knew it.

A nice time fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle, young Henry Munn, was to have with them.

He guessed that as he arose at his desk on the first morning.

Five young men and one elderly woman had departed that schoolhouse vanquished, and now he headed the forlorn hope—a man not five-and-twenty yet, with a collegiate education, sensitive feelings, and no physique.

He knew nothing about girls.

His two demure sisters might not have been of the same race for all the likeness there was between them and these romps.

And they were so pretty, especially Violet Raynor, the worst romp of all.

In those first days they tried all their old tricks; hid their slate pencils, and heated his, chalked faces on the black board, and wrote rhymes in the copy books.

Passed some simple answer, that everyone knew, up and down the class.

Talked, ate apples and cracked nuts.

Wrote him a love letter, which they signed with the name of the late deposed spinster, and sent it to him by a small child who arrived in school-time.

Set flies on the wing with paper slips tied to their legs.

Tripped over his toes and apologized.

Overset his inkstand on purpose; and did a thousand other such impish things.

He kept thinking that Violet was the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

She looked so good and sweet, too.

How could she join in these follies?

And, indeed, she was not as bad as the rest, and once or twice actually behaved beautifully.

Violet certainly could be charming if she chose.

She, on her part, secretly thought the teacher very handsome and very pleasant.

She was seventeen, and old enough to think of handsome men with some interest.

His delicate manner and gentlemanly habits pleased her, and she would have behaved herself in a ladylike way, but for popular opinion.

But alas! "the girls" had resolved "not to give in to any young man teacher."

They were proud of their horrible conduct, and when she had endeavored to do well, had taunted her with being cowardly.

Violet could not yield to her better impulses—dared not.

And then she knew very well that the young man admired her, and under such circumstances, it became a sort of triumph to hold out.

"He'll think I've taken a fancy to him if I give in," said she.

And in the queerest spirit of defiance she fairly led the riot from that moment.

Henry Munn found this very hard to bear; but he had no intentions of giving in.

One by one he conquered the girls.

The small ones he switched on their palms.

As a last resort, the older ones were consigned—dinnerless—to long lessons, or had private lectures, which shamed them into decency.

Of course he could not switch Violet.

She was a young woman.

Nor did lectures have any effect on her whatever.

She giggled and pouted, and played some trick on him ten minutes after.

At last, one day her outrageous sauciness became more than he could bear, and he decided to endure it no longer.

He waited until she was quiet for a moment—she was drawing a caricature of him—and arose at his desk.

"Miss Violet Raynor," he said.

"Here she is," said Violet. "Where are your eyes?"

"Miss Violet Raynor," repeated Mr. Munn, "I have come to a conclusion concerning you."

"Ah," said Violet, "is it possible?"

"You are demoralizing the school, Miss Raynor," said Henry; "setting a bad, an unlady-like example to everyone here. When such scholars are found in the part I came from, it is customary to expel them. Therefore, I now expel you.

"Take your hat and books, and leave this room, and never enter it again while I am teacher."

Violet Raynor stared at him in amazement; then laughed.

"I'll go when I'm ready, Mr. Munn, and come back when I please," she said. "I suppose you forget who I am—that I am Colonel Raynor's daughter, and that no schoolmaster can turn me out of school."

Mr. Munn arose, went to the wardrobe and took down the coquettish hat and sacque and parasol, carefully deposited the books in the neat strap, and handed them to her.

"Put your things on, Miss Raynor," he said, "and allow me to open the door for you, unless indeed you prefer to apologize and behave henceforth in a manner that shall not disgrace the school and yourself."

"Apologize," said Violet, who began to tremble, reflecting on the questions that would be asked at home. "I certainly shall do no such thing. You'll apologize to me before long."

Then she put on her hat and walked slowly to the door.

The whole school followed her with its many eyes, and she was conscious of a signal defeat.

What could she do, she asked herself, to turn the table on this conqueror of hers, and at least set the school laughing at him before she opened the door.

She had not much chance.

She was very near it, and there was he, polite and calm as possible, with his hand on the latch.

Her black eyes danced about her.

Near her was a shelf.

On the shelf stood what Violet supposed to be an ink bottle.

To toss the contents in the teacher's face was not a very elegant piece of revenge, but it would make him look funny, and cause a shout.

She caught it in her hands.

"I'll set you a copy before I go, as well as bad example, girls," she cried; and then the contents were dashed in the teacher's face.

Alas!

The result was not a laugh—it was a scream of terror as the poor young man rolled in horrible agony upon the floor.

Mr. Munn taught a class of chemistry in the school-room on Saturday afternoons, and this shelf was devoted to the articles needful for the study.

It was a bottle of some terrible acid which Violet Raynor had taken in her hand and she had flung it full into poor Henry Munn's blue eyes.

She was beside him on her knees now, crying and praying, and vowing her ignorance of the contents of the jar; and he amidst his agony, found voice to assure her that he believed her, before he lost all consciousness.

Eight weeks after this, a young man lay upon the pillows of the spare room in Colonel Raynor's house.

He was thin and worn, and there was an indelible scar on his forehead, and one of his blue eyes was closed for ever; but matters were better than had been hoped for a long time, for he had expected to be utterly blind.

Beside him sat a young girl.

It was Violet Raynor.

She also was a little worn, and her whole manner seemed altered.

She had been reading to him.

Now in the twilight, she put the book down and looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"Mr. Munn," she said, "I have wanted to say something to you for a long while, but I feared to agitate you. Now you are so much better, I must say it. If I could live over that old school time, I would be so very different—indeed, I would. I am so ashamed of all that. And as for this that I have done to you, I shall never forgive myself all my life. I shall never be happy for an hour. I never am."

"Miss Violet," said Henry, "I beg you not reproach yourself so much. You only meant to tease me, not to hurt me, and then I shall not be blind. I have been thanking God for that all day, that I shall not be blind."

She burst into tears.

"You patient angel," she said. "But you will hate me always, I know. I deserve that."

"Hate you?" he said.

Then he paused.

"I shall never forget my gentle nurse," he said; "the kind girl who has never once forgotten me all these weeks."

He took her hand.

"If I could but do you some great good," she said; "something to compensate for the harm I have done—but there is nothing."

"There is something," he said, then sighed. "There might be something."

Then she blushed rosy red, and knelt down beside him.

"Will you kiss me, Violet?" he asked.

She kissed him once on his lips, and once on the red scar on his forehead.

Then Mrs. Raynor came in with his tea and toast.

But Violet went to sleep happy that night, and Henry Munn had such a dream that he thought he must be dead and in heaven.

And in the spring the two were married.

Violet Raynor was her father's only daughter, and could do as she pleased with him; and he did not wait to die before he made her rich.

Wild now?

Oh, dear no.

The sweetest, most ladylike little woman; and the two are as utterly happy as mortals may be.

* * *

THE density of ice differs very much with the longitude. Now, ten pounds of ice in Iowa, is about three feet square; in Cincinnati it is about the size of a soap box; in Pittsburg it is as big as a stove-pipe hat; in Philadelphia it has to be put in the ice chest directly from the wagon, or it will all melt away before you can run into the house with it, and in New York, if you ask a dealer for ten pounds of ice, he laughs in a hollow manner and says he never heard of such a thing. You take fifty pounds or nothing, and then he weighs it on a letter scale.

* * *

ICE ON WINDOWS.—To keep ice from windows take a sponge or ordinary paint-brush, rub over the glass with a little cold alcohol.

* * *

WHY should aeronauts not speak high words in a balloon?—Because it is death to fall out.

I TOLD YOU SO.

A farmer once, with many a comfort blest,
  Honest and plain—his plow, too, always going,
Still wanting something more to crown the rest,
  Took to himself a wife, active and knowing.

Their days they passed with harmony full fraught,
  And nothing knew of matrimonial strife,
Save from a cant phrase that his dear had caught,
  Which proved the torment of the poor man's life.

To cut the matter short, a curious power
  She boasted, of foretelling each event;
And did it rain, she knew there'd be a shower;
  If sinners turned, she knew that they'd repent.

Whene'er the good man, vexed, would say, "My dear,
  Old Hodge's hogs the corn-fields have been plundering,"
Or that the cows had eat the clover bare,
  "I told you so!" she'd cry—"why are you wondering?"

When freshets rose, and swept a fence or gate,
  If barns blew down, or cattle went astray,
Or neighbor bowed beneath the stroke of fate—
  "I told you so," his loving spouse would say.

One day, to prove her wondrous foresight more,
  He hit upon a plan somewhat uncommon
He ran into his house, and stoutly swore
  The hogs had eat the grindstone up smack smooth.

Up starts his rib, so ominous to prove it,
  And, gazing in his agitated face,
Cries out, "I told you so, then, why not move it?
  I knew it stood in an improper place."

—JOE MILLER.

Humorous.

Too thin—Fall overcoats.

On the contrary—A mule.

Floating money—Current coin.

Always happy to meat friends—Butchers.

Over the hills and far away—The horizon.

Wonderful cures of Heart Disease by using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Sold by druggists at $1.

A restaurant announces "18 carrot vegetable soup."

A forthcoming event—One that succeeds three others.

* * *

LORD & THOMAS, the well-known advertising agents of Chicago, have lately gotten out a desk tool, which combines an agate, nonpareil, and an inch measure, ruler, check and paper-cutter, made of sheet-metal so formed as to combine utility, beauty, and strength, and is an artistic piece of work. It will be sent to anyone on receipt of ten cents.

* * *

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 198 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

* * *

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming The Saturday Evening Post.

A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

NERVOUS·DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.
Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
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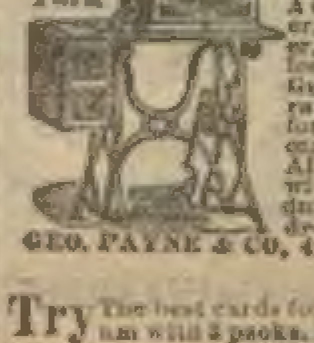

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THE SENSE OF SMELL.

A MAN blessed with the full power of smell goes through this world possessed of a pleasure, sensual perhaps, but still a pleasure, hardly second to any afforded him by the other faculties. There is no mind, "barbarian or Greek," that is not—often unconsciously—influenced by the perfumes of the malodors that one may meet with in daily life.

An individual is on record whom the noisome smell of sulphuretted hydrogen gratified and pleased. His explanation was, that many of his happiest days were spent as a student in a well-known chemical laboratory, where certainly that smell prevailed to an unusual extent.

A kindred smell—namely, that of bad eggs, is highly appreciated by the Chinese; but this, of course, is rather a cultivated preference than one due to association.

Similarly, asafoetida and valerian are the delight of many Eastern nations.

A French author tells of a young lady who loved beyond all perfume the smell of old books. Perhaps, with affectionate solicitude, she had been a constant attendant upon some old bookworm of a father or guardian, and hence the leathery mustiness took her back to days when, quietly happy, she seemed to recognize in the dusty tomes living and trusty friends.

Many instances are mentioned by different authorities of persons being rendered faint, or otherwise painfully affected, by such odors as musk, civet, and even by the generally more agreeable one of the rose. Often, however, this effect is due more to imagination than to anything else. For example, a prominent doctor tells us of a lady who could not bear the smell of the rose, and actually fainted on receiving a visit from a friend who carried one. And yet the flower, the cause of all the trouble, was an artificial one, and quite innocent of scent!

Many uncivilized tribes, compelled by their lack of other resources to cultivate to perfection the animal senses, are able to smell as keenly as the bloodhound, and can track their objects of search for miles, aided only by the marvelous delicacy of the olfactory nerves.

Blind persons also often experience this extraordinary exaltation of the sense.

A blind gentleman who had formed a morbid antipathy to cats, acquired thereby a sense of smell so keen, that he could tell the proximity of pussy even where several doors intervened between him and the object of his dislike, and when he had no means of acquiring a knowledge of its presence except by the exercise of the nerves of smell.

Some ingenious minds have thrown out a suggestion, that we might teach the blind to read by having an odor to represent each letter of the alphabet.

Sydney Smith remarked:

"We may even live to see the day when men may be taught to smell out their learning, and when a fine scenting-day shall be considered as one peculiarly favorable to study."

We are afraid, however, that the nose as an appreciator of odors is too delicate an organ, and too readily dulled, to have so much thrown upon it. The constant smelling of an odor quickly destroys our perception of that particular one.

Richelieu used to live in an atmosphere so perfume-laden as positively to be painful to his visitors, whilst he himself was unconscious of even the suspicion of a smell.

Those employed in occupations such as bone-boiling, chemical manure-making, and the like, are able to exist among smells of the most sickening character, in virtue of this same fact.

From these instances, we ought to be able to derive some notion of the advantages to be gained from the sense of smell. We are endowed with olfactory nerves to enable us to distinguish dangers to our health co-existing with odors repugnant to a normal sense of smell, and also to excite lively and pleasurable emotions, which may help to make an oftentimes weary struggle more bearable.

* * *

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Facetiæ.

Good for nothing—A cipher.

A plucky job—Dressing fowls.

Superior court—Sparking a rich girl.

When you see a glass of water—goblet.

High praise—Applause from the gallery.

Close quarters—The 25 cent pieces hoarded by a miser.

A cool proceeding—An ice-wagon making its rounds.

What commodity is always afforded at cost? The law.

A summer resort—Borrowing your neighbor's lawn-mower.

The acrobats of every household—The pitcher and tumbler.

"I am stumping the town," said the beggar with a wooden leg.

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

"Every cloud has its silver lining." The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.

"Put money in thy purse," as the pickpocket said when he robbed the man of an empty one.

The ham for a sandwich is a sort of go-between, and it is not meet that it should be respected.

Somebody who has been attending court has noticed that, as soon as the jury is charged, it goes off.

A Texas man is a Texas man. One who lost both arms in a sawmill, has learned to fire a revolver with his toes.

"Overcome by gas" is the headline on a daily paper. We knew those tremendous gas bills would kill somebody sooner or later.

Profanity may not be a characteristic of the royal family, but some breezy day you ought to go into the kitchen and hear the queensware.

Another New York policeman has just been assaulted. It is a very cowardly piece of business—this jumping on a man when he is asleep.

Five thousand broom handles a day are made in a certain town out West, and the married males never stay out at night later than 9 o'clock.

The attention of John L. Sullivan is respectfully called to the fact that any number of women are ready to make matches with men twice their size.

Never known to fail. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for Heart Disease. Sold by druggists.

Mark Twain advised that a gentleman who is engaged in the leather trade, and who has purchased a grove and lawn, should call it Hyde Park.

The happy father of twins recently sent the following message to a brother living in the West: "Immense joy—we got two twins to-day—more hereafter."

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AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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50 New Style Chromo Cards with name and a Fancy Box of Water Color Paints 18 colors, 2 China Plates, Brush, &c. all post-paid for 14 cts. 4 packs and 4 boxes, 50 cts., Sample Book, 25 cts. CAPITOL CARD CO., Hartford, Conn.

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The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
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Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
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Lardy Dah!
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Hardly Ever.
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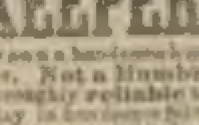

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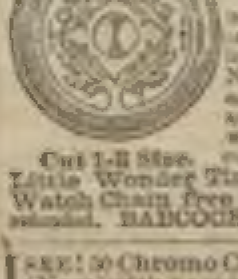

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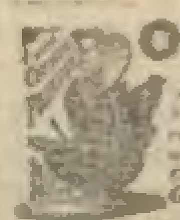

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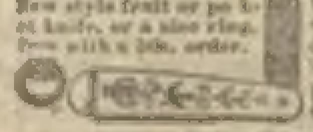

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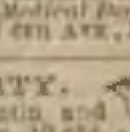

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Address, GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

40 Satin Finish, Extra size, Golden Ornaments, Friendship Series, Satin Mottoes & Bird Cards, with name, 10c. 11 pks & this heavy rolled gold seal ring for $1. Agt's complete Album 25c. Please remember this is not the cheap work and ring so much advertised. ALLING BROS., Northford, Ct.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THICK, rough looking woolen tissues are very much adopted this winter for the earlier part of the day—for morning church on week days, shopping, and so on.

For afternoon walking, shopping, and visiting more elegant materials are worn. Fine, soft woolens are combined with velveteen of good quality.

The skirt is made of the velveteen; the bodice, draperies, paniers, and so on, of the woolen material.

Velvet is quite the queen of tissues this winter. For simple walking-costumes plain velvet or velveteen is the most suitable.

Silk velvet with cotton foundation (velours trame) is used for trimming cashmere, and even* silk, dresses. Stamped velvet is also very much the fashion. In dark colors it is employed for small capes, jacket-bodices, and dress trimmings, in light shades—such as pink, blue, cream, beige, and gray; for opera-cloaks, children's dresses, and bodices for evening-dresses, of veiling or barege.

Dresses of plain cloth are frequently trimmed with broad gold braid, embroidered all over with narrow black soutache, or worked in chain-stitch with black silk.

As to silk tissues, they are really wonderful this season.

They are in large brocaded patterns of the most exquisite coloring—velvet patterns over a thick-ribbed silk ground; small damasse patterns over satin; and raised floral patterns over rich Ottoman silk. All these are combined with plain silk velvet, plain ribbed Ottoman, faille, or gros-grains.

Ball-dresses, of white or colored tulle, are embroidered in silk representing clusters, bouquets, wreaths, or detached flowers. Speckled tulles, in chenille and gold thread, are very fashionable.

Some patterns also represent small birds and fruit, but only light and graceful ones, such as clusters of strawberries, red and black currants, etc.

Gold is once more much employed in trimmings; but it should be used with discretion, and in preference upon brown or bronze tints.

Thus, not the complete dress, but only certain small portions of it, such as the panels, sleeve facings, collar, and vest, or else the bodice itself only, leaving the vest plain.

No designs are required for such embroidery, which consists only of diagonal lines placed very close together, or a very small vermicelli pattern in narrow gold soutache.

Ball-dresses are, like town costumes, more or less elaborate, more or less draped and looped up, according to personal taste and fancy.

Ball-dresses made of very light materials such as gauze, tulle, blonde, crape, or muslin, are always puffed and draped; but costly dresses, made of rich tissues, are of quite a different style.

They are cut almost plain, clinging about the hips; trimmed, and often even entirely covered, with panels, robings, or scarfs of embroidered or brocaded tissues, passementerie, embroidery, lace with patterns in applique over light-colored satin, guipure with designs worked in relief, and borders spangled with gold or silver—such are the principal items of the trimming of such dresses.

A puff, forming a sort of outer tournure, is considered indispensable for them.

This puff either forms part of the bodice, lengthened over the skirt; or else of the upper part of the skirt, which spreads out fully at the back in large round pleats.

Amongst others—for fashions are now-a-days less exclusive than ever—fourreau dresses are worn quite plain in front, arranged in basques and a train at the back, and more or less trimmed with embroidery and patterns in applique.

The bodice, made apart from the skirt, trimmed round the lower edge with a thick ruche, which loses itself under the basque, is one often seen in modern toilets.

Thus framed round with a full trimming, the bodice seems to come out from a puff. It must be noted that this style of bodice, as well as the fourreau dress, has the disadvantage of making all the imperfections of the figure.

In order to adopt one or the other, one should therefore be irreproachable as to shape and form.

Very rich toilets can be made even without employing very expensive materials.

Over a plain underskirt of satin one can form robings and panels with bands of plush or velvet edged with narrow lace spangled with gold or silver beads, chenille etc.

If the skirt is made of velvet, these bands may be of satin, and detached bouquets from some brocaded tissue may be worked over it in applique.

A satin dress of a former season may be freshened up again by being covered with black tulle embroidered with jet, or white tulle embroidered with very small white beads.

Tulle speckled with chenille is very much the fashion and easy to prepare one's self.

China crape, trimmed with lace, also makes exquisite evening dresses, and all shades of colored or white tulle, which are appliqued with silk flowers cut out of old brocades, or even hand-embroidered, with colored flowers in raised silk work.

This kind of appliqued tulle, however, is used only for drapering, to trim light-colored silk or satin dresses, the skirt of which must also then have a band of the same tulle work round the bottom, or even a raised ruching of the same, with the flowers so placed that they look like real flowers placed over the hem.

The body for these dresses must be of the silk, and are opened in front over a puffed chemisette of the embroidered tulle, held at the waist by a bouquet of real flowers to match the embroidered tullis.

Another way to employ the embroidered tulle is to make an entire under-dress of it, and to wear an open train dress of pink or red velvet over it.

But this would be fit only for very stout ladies. Silk or satin would be preferable for the generality of ladies.

Puffed chemisettes (or Russian skirts, as they are called in Paris) are also made of red, blue, and other colored crape, to be worn with black or other colored dresses for evening.

But, I repeat, they are not becoming to stout ladies, who should always avoid everything that increases their size.

In make, dresses have not changed. Two colors are generally worn together, o the dresses are trimmed with the most magnificent embroideries or beaded bands of silk or velvet, to be placed on the dresses; or fur, or endless bows of ribbons, or chenille passementerie.

Everyone may select according to taste and means.

When two materials are used, one of them is used for the skirt, and the other for the body and back puff of the dress.

If the skirt be of brocade, the body may be of velvet; if the skirt be of velvet, the body may be of brocade, and so on.

If the waist be high, a little vest to match the skirt is added to it, made very narrow at the waist line.

The flowers most in favor for ball-dresses this winter are: lilies-of-the-valley, forget-me-nots, hedge roses, monthly roses, light garlands of flowery privet, or of chamaecessus in all the phases of its growth, from the tiny cluster of pinkish flowrets to the branch of round white berries which results from it; sprays of heather of all varieties, up to the fine white Alpine heather, which seems as though powdered all over with snow; all the numerous family of begnonias, and above all, white lilac.

And besides all this, roses of all kinds: large red roses with dew-drops, moss roses surrounded by a great many buds, tea roses, branches of canna, gladiolus, and red or blue salvias."

Some clusters are mixed with fruit. Let us hope we shall not be enticed further than those which are really almost as pretty as flowers: strawberries, and red and black currants.

As for the large fruits with which so many bonnets were overloaded this summer, it is best to leave them for the dessert-table, as they do not indicate good taste and fitness if used as millinery decorations.

Exotic birds are as much sought after as ever; they are placed in little nests of tulle or gauze upon the front of a low bodice, or by way of bouquet upon a short sleeve. Handsome butterflies are the rivals of such tiny birds.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO PAINT BIRTHDAY CARDS.

A CARD that reminds me of lovely Swiss scenery and snowy mountains was given to me only yesterday, the mountain heart's-ease and the blue forget-me-not recalling many a pleasant ramble at Murren.

The flowers were beautifully pressed, and retained their original brilliancy of coloring.

It was an uncommon card, and one not likely to become common—a card of nature's own flowers, arranged by the skilful hand of the artist, more truly poetic and better able to strike a latent chord than could any touch of the painter's brush.

But this is a digression, you will say, when from the heading of the article you expect to hear something of designing and painting cards.

We will take the hint, and say no more of nature, except it be in the imitation of her works.

Looking at it from an economical point of view, if you have many friends you will find you will save several shillings in painting cards yourself.

Hand-painted cards are also sold at the shops, and realise a good price if original, and are very useful to sell at a bazar. You see there are many useful ways in which you can employ your talent, provided that you set to work in right earnest.

I will describe to you one of the prettiest cards I have painted, and by the way, it was not a very difficult one.

I picked some of the large purple clematis that was growing upon the house, and arranged it before me just as it grew. The less arrangement the better so long as it is graceful—the less contortion of nature, which is in itself so graceful, so accommodating, the prettiest drawing being always the one most true to nature. I arranged myself with a due regard to the light, so that it should fall on one side only, and I arranged my drawing-block slightly on the incline.

This last precaution makes the colors lie flatter and better.

I put the flowers on a box so that I might see them from a good point of sight, and with a finely pointed pencil I began the flower in the left-hand corner, drawing from left to right.

Having sketched in the flowers to my satisfaction, faintly at first, slightly indicating the dark parts here and there, copying the flowers and leaves as accurately as I could, I proceeded to arrange my palette.

In one division I mixed some Chinese white, carmine, and cobalt; and in another some Indian yellow and cobalt; and in a third division, some brown-pink.

With a camel's-hair brush I put in the tint of the flower, using white paint, carmine, and cobalt, mixed together. The white paint I used in the first washes to give depth and richness to the coloring. I well loaded my brush, mixing a good deal of water with it, and began at the top of the flower, spreading out the hairs of the brush as I worked downwards, putting on a flat tint all over.

Then I put in the green leaves without the admixture of any opaque color, using cobalt and gamboge for the light parts, and indigo and gamboge for the shadows. So much for the first washes, which were allowed to dry thoroughly.

I then went over the high lights with more opaque color, and worked in some pure carmine and cobalt for the shadows. After it was dry, I began carefully to work up what I had done.

With a fine brush I put in the shadows, the veins down the petals, which are clearly defined, the side-veins, and the cross-veins, all helping to give the character of the flower.

The petals which stood out most prominently I worked down from the middle, in order to give them a rounded appearance.

I indicated the jagged edges, and the little irregularities on the surface, by gently pressing the colors out of the brush here and there; and I put in the pistils with gamboge and flake white, with a faint greenish hue for the shadow.

After I had worked it up with the smallest touches, using a soft linen rag to take off streakiness, I put in a touch of pure carmine on the vein of the petal which caught the light.

I think from these directions you will be able to paint the flowers, above all remembering to avoid that streaky, washed-out appearance which characterises so many amateur attempts.

The leaves, you will remember, had had their first wash of gamboge and cobalt put on as wet as possible, in order to give them that transparent look without which you will never paint a leaf like nature. I mixed some more cobalt and gamboge, adding a little indigo, and with that I put in the dark parts of the leaves, still using the color rather wet.

The leaves which were away from the light, or overhung by flowers or other leaves, I carefully noted, and put in the shadows as they fell, darkening the under side of the stalk.

When I had advanced enough to see the effect, I placed the drawing at a little distance from me, and stood back to see what more it required.

A light fern in the foreground, and a dark background, was the decision arrived at.

Nothing so graceful as a maiden-hair fern! so I picked a piece of maidenhair and arranged it hanging downwards from under the flowers.

I faintly sketched it in with the pencil, and with some Chinese white, yellow chrome, and cobalt, I put it in, using the white rather thickly to make it stand out well.

I put in the background with light red, and cobalt, using burnt sienna and indigo for the shadows.

Correspondence.

JOHN.—In the language of flowers, the daisy means thought.

B. W.—You should be advised by your mother in such a matter.

FADED.—You will find the answer in No. 23. 2. We think you were justified in doing so.

FRED.—It is quite possible to read the Bible through in six months, by perusing a portion of it every day.

SERGEANT.—We are not in possession of such a recipe, but you are likely to find it in any modern Encyclopædia.

MAUDE.—The name of Geoffrey means "joyful;" Eugene, "nobly born;" Sarah a princess;" Maude, "a brave girl."

R. R. L.—Inasmuch as the lady informs you that she is already engaged, it would be prudent for you to drop the correspondence where it is.

ROSE.—Blushing usually comes from nervousness or embarrassment. There is no harm in it, so long as you never do anything for which you have cause to blush.

ADOLPHUS.—We endeavor in every possible manner to oblige our readers, but cannot give the address in question as we are quite ignorant what use might be made of it.

Z. H.—Paper in Europe is made of linen rags; by the Chinese, of silk. The discoverer of paper is unknown, but it was introduced to Europe towards the end of the third century.

J. A.—Thomas Moore did not compose the Irish Melodies. He merely selected old Irish airs, and wrote to them. The symphonies and accompaniments were added by Sir John Stevenson.

P. Q. R.—Brahma is believed by the faithful in India, to be the self-existing and invincible creator of the universe. He is represented with four heads looking to the four corners of the world.

BERT.—Your conduct was not rude; you simply took a clever advantage of the accidental meeting, and, as the young lady did not object to your presence, it must be presumed that it was not displeasing to her.

CLARA G.—We advise you to have nothing more to do with the young man. He has acted in a very silly and ungentlemanly manner, and he is therefore unworthy of your friendship. Such a man should be snubbed when in ladies society.

HARRIET.—The following will prevent the hair from coming out; it has been used by thousands with perfect satisfaction. Alcohol, one pint; water, half-pint; glycerine, two ounces. Flavor with a few drops of oil of bergamot, and shake it before using.

GREGOIRE.—You are not in love at all, or you would know which one of the three young ladies you love best. If they ask you, tell them so. And very likely you may be as much in error about their being in love with you as you are about your being in love with them.

TROUBLE.—Such an honest, faithful man as you describe your husband to have been, must have made some good and true friends during his business career. Find some of them, and see what they can do for you. It is not improbable that they would take hold of your affairs, and put them all straight for you in a short time.

GOVE.—Euclid was a native of Alexandria, and flourished 300 B. C. The "elements" are not wholly his, for many of the demonstrations were derived from Thales, Pythagoras, Eudoxus, and others. Euclid reduced them to order, and probably inserted many theorems of his own. The elements were first printed at Bayle in 1533.

BOB.—A flash of lightning is a very large spark of electricity, just the same thing that one sees given by an electric machine in a lecture on natural philosophy, the only difference being that the best machine will not give a spark more than a yard long, while some flashes of lightning have been estimated to be several miles in length.

CLERK.—Tell the young lady exactly what your circumstances and prospects are, and if she really loves you enough to share them with you, marry her as soon as you conveniently can. If you and she are really worth much, you will always love each other the better for having struggled and borne a little together; no energetic, capable man is ever held back in the race of life by having a good, loving, and sensible wife.

LILLIE B.—If your only reason for doubting your lover is that his brother sometimes expresses a disbelief in his ultimate faithfulness, you should certainly give him an opportunity to show that he is trustworthy. But if, as your second question suggests, you have knowledge of his unfaithfulness to others, you should not expect him to be true to you. A girl's parents are usually her best counsellors in such matters.

ANXIOUS.—Your best course is to seek the young lady's society in every proper way—not despising or neglecting the various small attentions a young lady has a right to expect—and at the first fitting opportunity tell her of the state of your affections, and ask her to be your wife. If she refuses you, you will at least know your fate, and by application to your business and to study, you can endeavor to occupy yourself till your damaged heart has recovered itself.

JANE.—When a man inadvertently hurts the feelings of a lady, or unintentionally does something which offends her, all that he can do to make amends is to explain his conduct and apologize for the unwitting offence. He is not to be treated as though he had committed a crime or an unpardonable sin; nor should a lady ever attempt to make too much out of a small matter, lest it gives censorious persons an opportunity to account her delicacy artificial, and her indignation merely simulated.

M. L.—You do not seem to realize how serious and solemn a thing an engagement to marry a man is, if you mean to keep it, or how shameful, foolish, and unwomanly to enter into such engagements lightly, meaning to break off if you choose. You should really be glad that you are set free, honorably, as far as you are concerned, from this entanglement, for there is great danger that a choice for life, made at sixteen, as thoughtlessly as yours seems to have been made, might not be a happy one.